TRUE STORIES OF THE AMERICAN WEST
JANUARY 1974 60¢ PDC 58878-1

THE WEST

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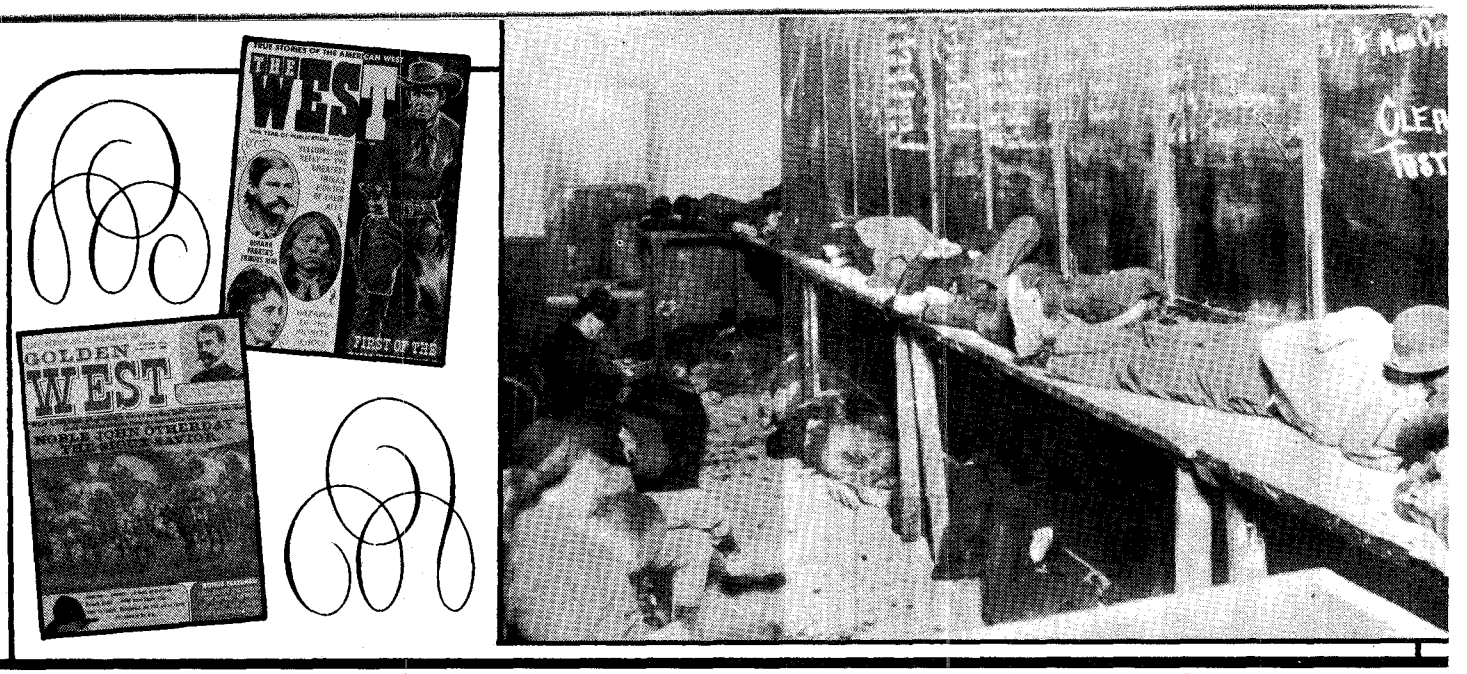

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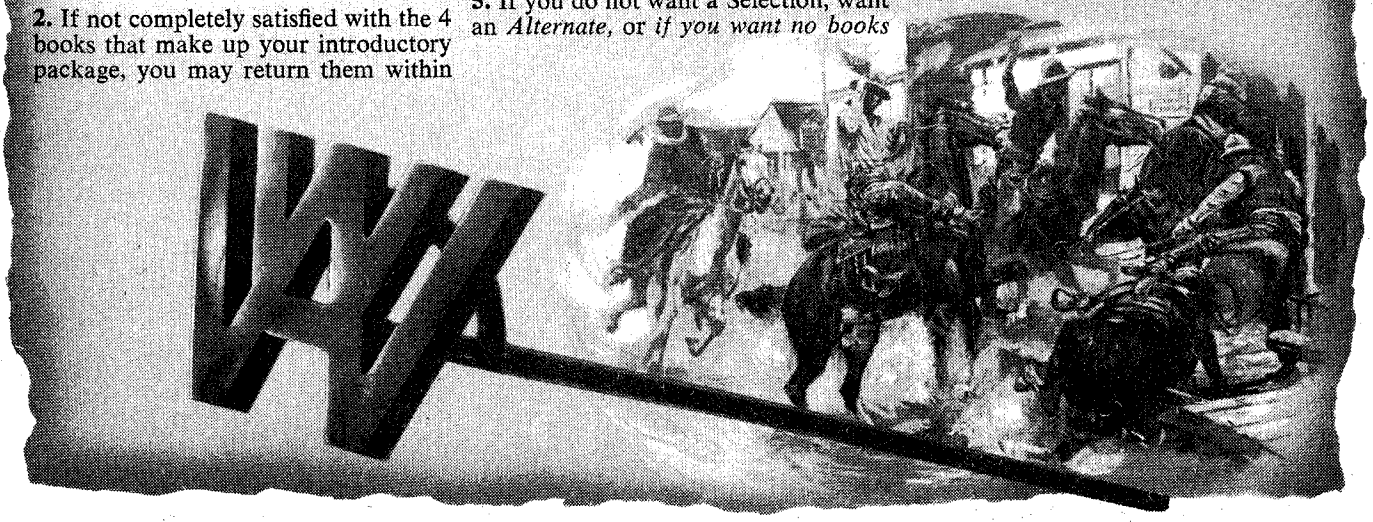

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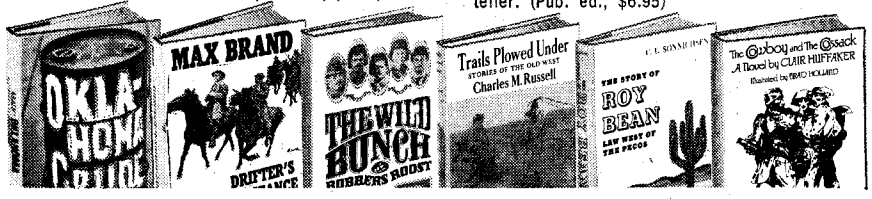

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TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

JANUARY 1974 VOLUME 17, NUMBER 6

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THE OLD TIMERS CORNER

By Bill Salisbury

VAGRANT

I WAS ONE of the youngest of the breed, I suppose, and pretty green in the ways of the world—especially the world outside the ranches and the range. I was horse wrangler, of course, being the youngest as was generally the case.

When the fall roundup was over the ranchers cut out the steers they wished to market and instead of shipping to Omaha, Nebraska by train, which they often did at the expense of about $30 a head, they got together and decided to trail herd them to Denver, Colorado, about 130 miles.

The weather was real good yet and things would hang on okay till all hands could be regrouped, so we got together 500 head of prime steers and headed south from the Laramie plains of Wyoming.

We were soon out of Wyoming across the state line into Colorado. We were moving fast as those steers had the urge to head for lower country. The hardest part of it all was being able to get our out rider far enough ahead to make arrangements for stopover places for the overnight stops.

But some of those men knew their way around and when night came there were arrangements made. You see, in the lower country we went through eight or 10 towns plus farming country. However, many of these farmers took in cattle to feed through the winter for the fertilizer plus a sale for their produce such as alfalfa, corn, etc.

We made Denver this time in a little better than four days, which we felt was record time, especially seeing as how we did not push those critters. They just hit their pace and we did our best to cool them down. However, I doubt if we lost a pound of fat. Horses and men might have lost a little but not those steers and everybody was very happy when we landed. The bosses were happy because of the condition of the steers. The cowboys were happy on account of their payday coming plus a nice bonus.

We rented rooms and after a wonderful meal we met in one of the large hotels and got our pay and talked over what we were going to do, go back to our old job or move on.

I told my boss I would be back home since I really liked my boss. However, I told him I'd like to stay and take advantage of the buying possibilities in Denver. I wanted to get socks, Levis, underwear, etc. I asked him if he would take my extra stuff, saddle, bridle, chaps, etc., back on the trap wagon. He agreed, saying it would be in the bunk house when I got there.

Next day we each went our way. Some to get drunk, some to look for another way of life. I started out alone to do some shopping for clothes. That is where I made my mistake, striking out alone. I hadn't got but about one half block from the hotel when a well dressed woman accosted me.

She was standing by a wall on the sidewalk. She said, "Where are you going, Cowboy?"

I said to a clothing store to buy some things, maybe a new hat.

She took me by the arm and said, "I love to shop. I'll go along with you."

I tried to jerk away saying, "No I don't think I can go along with that as I have always done my own buying."

This argument did not last long 'cause up runs a big bruiser of a man and proceeds to work me over with his fist while the woman hollered for help. Next thing I knew there were police all over the place for which I was glad as I knew I was no match for that big bruiser.

Well the police took me by the arm and hauled me off to the station. Next day they took me before the sergeant and told me these people had filed charges against me for "mugging" and I would need bond to get out of jail. I reached for my billfold but found it gone so I could not make bail.

Next day they called me and told me I could go on as the people never came back to press charges. When I said, "Listen, pardner, this must have been a setup as I had a year's pay in my pocket when this happened. I can't understand what became of it."

They said, "Well that's the way the package was handed to us and we do have lots of these muggings to put up with, we only do our best."

Well I had to admit you play them as you see them which, I suppose, is right. Anyway, here I was loose and free but broke and a long way from home.

It never came to me to wire my boss. Didn't have the money anyhow. So I started out afoot headed north up the old familiar highway.

Eventually, here comes an old truck lumbering up the road, lucky for me there were a few cars and trucks on the highway. I swore I would never again say the things about them in the past when they spooked our horses or cattle.

Anyway, this old truck took me almost to Fort Collins, Colorado. There he turned off leaving me about 50 miles. As I didn't care about walking any more I started thinking about stopping and working on one of these farms in the area till I could get a letter off to the old man.

As luck would have it I remembered the old man had a brother living in Collins, so I very discreetly questioned a few farmers and finally located his place. He had quite a huge

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spread so I boldly went up and rapped on the door. I was surprised to see a well dressed man come to the door.

"I'm sorry. I was looking for someone else," I said.

But he said, "Who were you looking for?"

I told him but I said, "You can't be him because you look different."

He said. "Well, what did you want?"

I said, "Well I was in Denver with a herd of cattle and was robbed. Now I am trying to get back to Wyoming. Could you put me up for the night? Better still, could you give me a few days work so I can buy a ticket on the train?"

He looked me over and said, "You're rather young, aren't you?"

I said, "Maybe, and down on my luck."

He said, "We have no room and don't need any hands at this time. However, I will take you to town and fix you up with a room and something to eat."

I went out and got in the car with him and we went to town, directly to the police station. I thought "What is this?" I soon found out. He told the police I was a panhandler, hard telling what I was up to. The sergeant at the desk asked me, "What are you up to son?"

I told him about the incident in Denver and how I had obtained a ride to Collins.

He said, "A very likely story. Who were you workin for when this happened?"

I gave him the old man's name and I said "I thought this man was his brother. I'm sorry if I was mistaken."

That's when I saw that farmer turn ashy pale and walk out. I thought, "Here I am in a corner again." Nearby sat a young, well dressed man on a bench. And as the desk sergeant was busy on the phone he signaled for me to come sit by him, which I did.

He whispered to me, "You got any money?"

I told him, "No, they cleaned me."

He handed me a five dollar bill and said, "Here. Put this in your pocket," which I did quickly.

When the sergeant got through on the phone he said, "Son, I don't know what to do with you but put you in jail till we can check your story."

Then this other fellow jumped up. He happened to be a newspaper reporter, and said, "Just a minute sergeant. You are surely not going to put this boy in jail with hardened criminals without a charge of any kind."

The sergeant said, "Look, he is a vagrant. You are broke, aren't you?" he added.

I said, "No, I have five dollars to eat on."

So he said, "Then why were you bumming?"

I said, "I was not! I thought this man might hire me or at least let his brother know as I know that is what his brother would do."

So the sergeant said, "I'll tell you what. I will send one of my men with you to rent a room and they will be watching you so don't run away. Be here tomorrow at nine o-clock and we will see what we will do then."

Next morning at nine I was at the sergeant's desk. So was the newspaper man. He said, "Sergeant, I have here a wire from this boy's employer stating he will stand behind anything this boy says. He also said to buy him a ticket home and see that he has food and a place to stay till this can all be taken care of and

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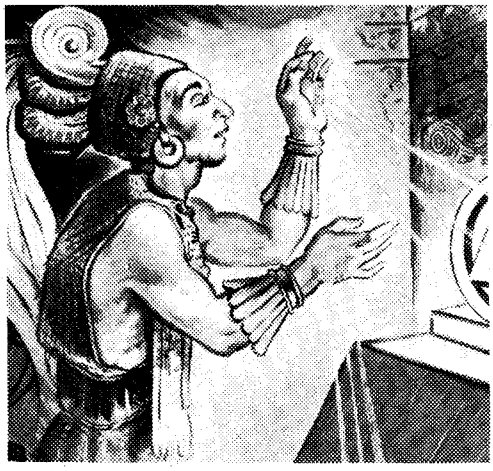

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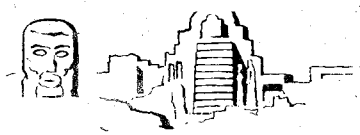

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FOLLOWING THE

Treasure Trails ... With Harry Rockingchair

Truth or fiction, Treasure Hunts will always stir man's imagination

The following material is a collection from the Treasure Hunter's press of the nation. Your personal anecdotes, tips or reports of new discoveries will be appreciated. Address Harry Rockingchair, care of this magazine.

A CONTRIBUTOR TO these columns asks me, and answers his own question: "What is the most endangered species today, Harry? I'll tell you. *The individual prospector!*

"Once Congress repeals the Mining Act of 1872 (which was written basically *by* and *for* mining men and prospectors) and turns the business of prospecting over to the rich corporations, you may bid goodbye to individualism so far as prospecting is concerned."

My friend points out that the new "lease laws" being proposed will effectively keep all individual prospectors and TH'ers off of the public lands, for who can afford to pay $1 an acre and up to search a 1,000-acre spot? Do you, Mr. TH'er, have $1,000 cash to put up just to take a chance of finding something? The time is late. Write your Senators and Congressmen to oppose these "lease laws." Such legislation might even keep *the public* (tourists) off of their own properties (the public lands)!

* * *

During the past two weeks (as this is written) I have observed more interest in the gold-silver markets and in mining of those precious metals than has occured since 1933. Mining magazines are filled with more offers to buy gold-silver properties than with offers to SELL them.

This is an absolute about-face. The cause? The slippage in the dollar; inflation; higher meat prices; call it what you wish, it is simply the American Way, to get in and make money from opportunity, the new American Gold Rush. Gold and silver are asserting their disciplines over paper money again. Even Washington politicians are taking notice, and a bill to permit the American people to again own gold was introduced and passed April 14th by the United States Senate.

* * *

I urge all TH'ers and mining personnel to write their Senators or Congressmen *now, at once, immediately,* and ask for a copy of S. 1040, a bill presented by Senator Jackson of Washington and Congressman Fannin, titled *The Mineral Leasing Act of 1973.*

If, after a careful reading you don't agree that it means the end of the individual TH'er and prospector, then you write me and explain why it doesn't.

The worst part of it is that the Under Secretary of the Interior Department, John C. Whitaker, has commented on the bill as being a "balanced approach to promoting the exploration and production of the minerals on which our society depends. . . ."

It's "balanced," all right—like a see-saw with the corporations given 10 feet of the plank to ride on and the individual miners and prospectors getting three inches at the other end!

* * *

TH'ing clubs wanting travel-adventure films in color might write to Skipper Bill Murnam, 1783 10th St., Sarasota, Fla. 33577. The Skipper has sailed around the world and traveled in some real back areas to capture what he has on film. Since you are mostly non-profit groups, tell Bill ole Harry sent you and you expect a discount.

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One of the oldest grafts in the antique business is the production of copies, or "fakes" of the originals. These are, as might be expected, passed off as originals, but at "substantially lower prices."

Dealers frequently buy, and sell these fakes innocently. For they may be fooled as well as their customers with truly good reproductions. The only protection you, as an honest person (and I always assume my readers to be as honest as I am) are subject to, is your own caution and intelligence.

If you are not an expert when buying a particular antique, then find an expert to judge it for you. What you pay an expert in his particular line will be cheap to what the "fakers" may take from you. If you see a White Carnival Glass Indian Chief toothpick holder, or a Mt. Washington Peachblow vinegar cruet priced far below others, give it a wide berth and a close examination.

Also watch imports of "rare" coins and some "gold coins." The latter may be only gold plated lead. Rep. Fred Rooney, D-Pa., recently told a House Commerce and Finance Sub-Committee that Americans were being fleeced of millions by buying so-called "originals" at bargain rates. So watch out!

I believe it is time to go out on a limb and make a prediction. A prediction about a new gold strike. *I predict that if gold prices hold at the $95 to $125 level, within two years there will be another nationally recognized gold strike that will match those of the old million dollar days!*

I base this prediction *not* on psychic drivel, but upon these facts. The gold resources in the California Mother Lode and in the Rocky Mountains have never been exhausted. Gold mining ended only when the Federal Government, in 1942, under War Production Board Order No. L-208, forced all gold mines to close as not being necessary for the war effort. At a

(Continued on page 66)

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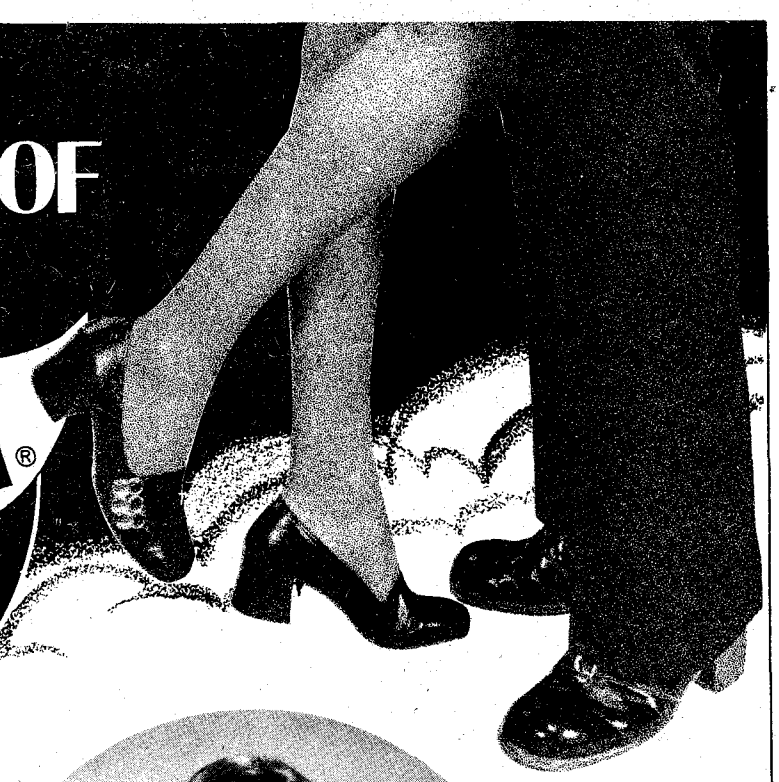

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THE LOSING OF A NATION

Photo: Courtesy El Reno City Library.

Chief Lefthand, principal chief of the Southern Arapaho tribe.

Photo: Courtesy Smithsonian Institution.

Ghost dance performed in circle was meant to drive white man away.

by Mary Ann Smith

LEFTHAND SAT IN HIS small teepee as the strong winds of Oklahoma carried the singing of his ghost song across the plains. By closing his eyes, he could momentarily forget the blindness that was slowly eating his vision.

But nothing could ease the ache in his heart for his people. Failure stooped the proud shoulders of his once husky body as he thought of the whites that would soon fill his people's land. He, Nawathit, the principal chief of the southern Arapahoes, by marking his "X" on the white man's paper had helped destroy his nation forever! Maybeso, if he sang louder the earth would move and swallow up these Nia'thu forever.

Exhausted, Lefthand laid his head down upon the old frayed buffalo robe. The feel of the robe instinctively brought back the dreamland of his youth.

In 1840, which was approximately the year of his birth, there were few aliens in the land of the Arapaho. He was born in the south, while the tribe was returning from a big hunt for buffalo in the Rocky Mountains. Pride seemed to lift the bowed shoulders momentarily at his remembrance of becoming a great hunter and warrior among his people.

Life had been good to the Arapahoes and their brothers the Cheyennes. They would follow the great herds of buffalo all through their lands. Food was plentiful and the robes cunningly made of the skins of this giant animal warmed the teepee against the freezing air.

Then the losing began. The first hard blow came at Sand Creek in 1864 when a white man, who said he followed his God, led soldiers to their camp. The dying screams of his mother and small brother hung forever in the blowing wind. A laughing soldier had run a sword through his small brother's head, pushing it into his mother's heart as she held the dying babe. He ran to his mother's side and the grinning soldier turned and struck a blow to Lefthand's head. Unconscious and blinded, he fell to the ground. Darkness was beginning to cover the camp ground when he awoke. Blood stood in puddles on the ground—a silent witness to the unspeakable mystery of the hacked-off arms and legs of the dead women and children. Dazedly he watched a soldier bend over and slice off his mother's breast. Then the man, with one blow, removed the head of his dead brother from the baby's shoulders. The blackness of the coming night saved Lefthand's life. Dark-

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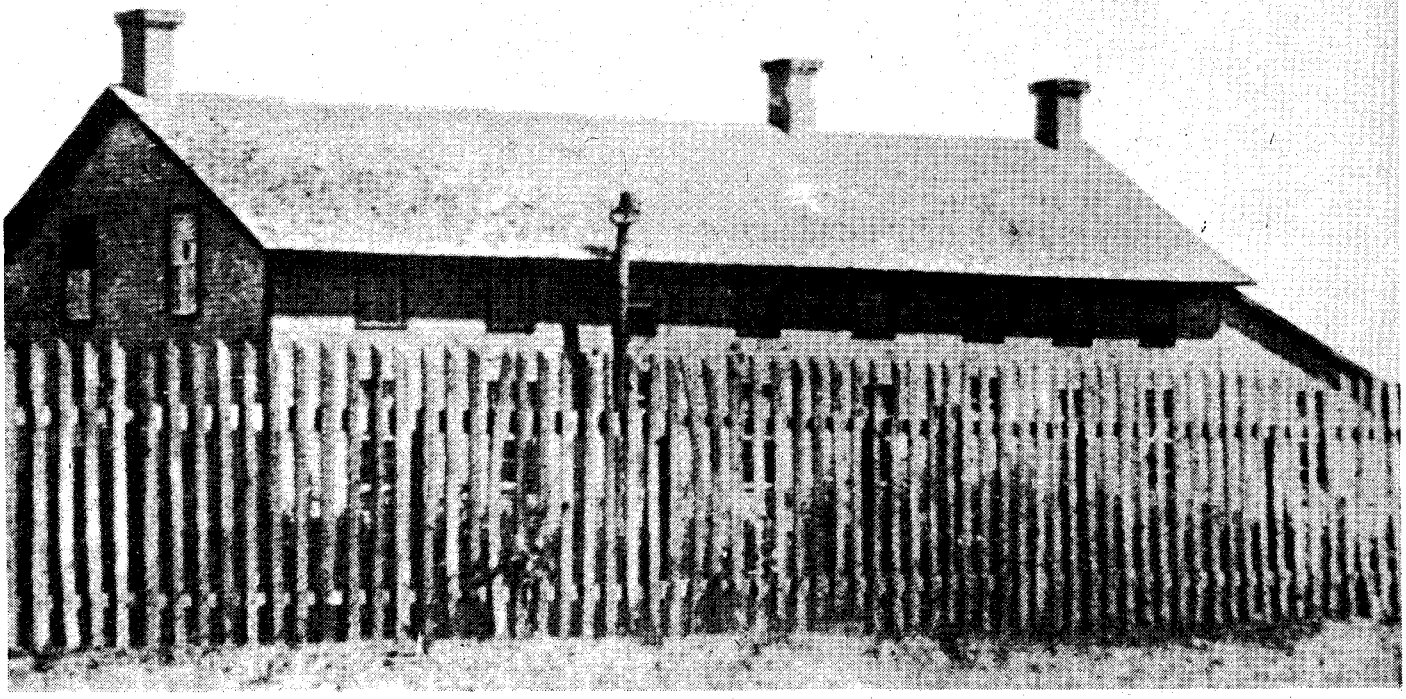
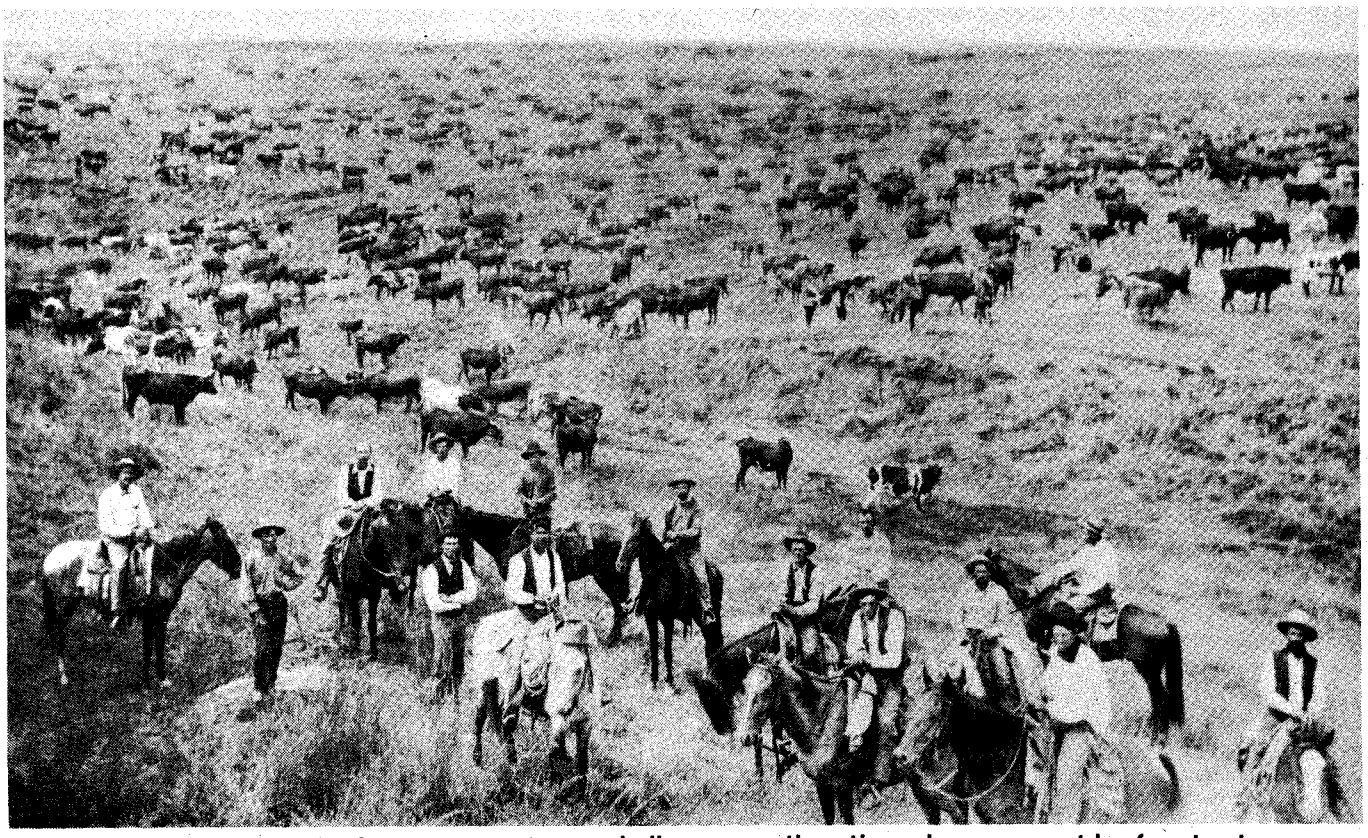
Photo: Courtesy Univ. of Okla. Library.

Na n isa na—Na n isa na	•	*My children—my children*
Na ha ta bi taa wa—hatnaa waa u hu	•	*Na ha ta bi taa wa—hatnaa waa u hu*
Look! The earth is about to move	•	*Look! The earth is about to move*
Hathi na his nisu na hu	•	*Hathi na his nisu na hu*
My Father tells me so	•	*My Father tells me so . . .*



First government Arapaho school at Darlington (1874) to educate Indians.

Photo: Courtesy Okla. Hist. Library.



Cattle companies gained access to pasture on Indian reservations through government beef contracts.

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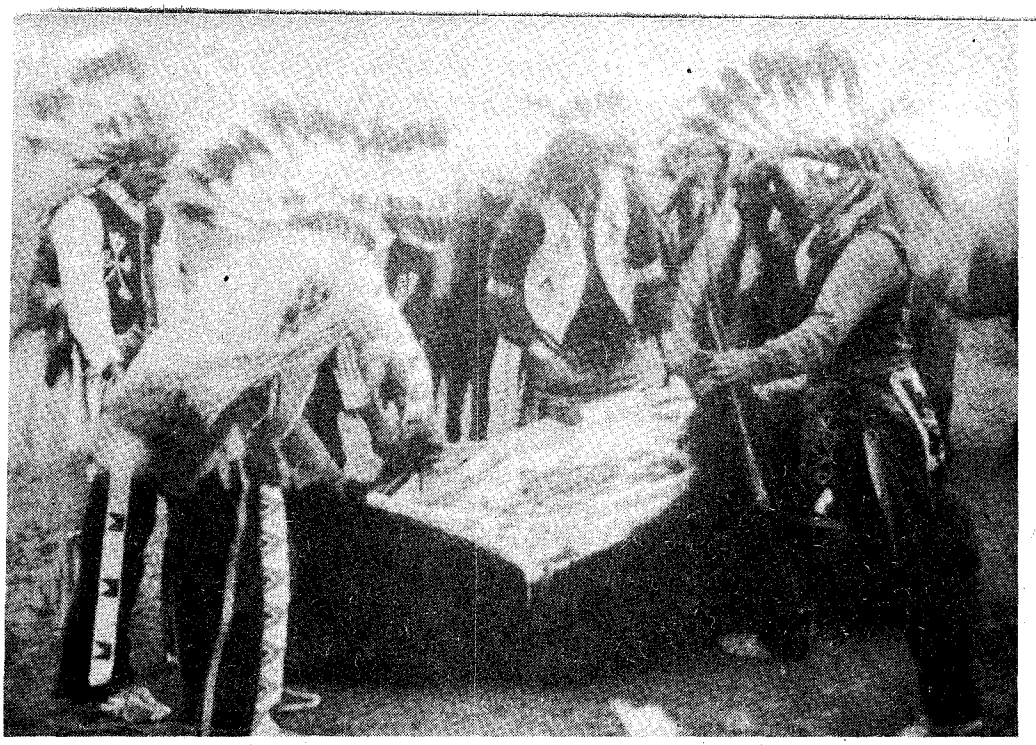

Arapahoes skin a buffalo; great beasts meant life itself to the Indians.

Photo: Courtesy Okla. Hist. Library.

Land hungry settlers beginning a claim run on Cheyenne—Arapaho lands.

ness stopped the trophy taking of the soldiers. They left the death-quiet camp to the small animals that were already scurrying out of the night over the red-spotted earth. With blood still seeping briskly from his head wound, he crawled over the mutilated bodies of his relatives and friends, making good his escape.

The next three years were filled with running, fighting and dying for Lefthand and his fellow Arapahoes. Finally in 1867 the government met with the plains tribes at Medicine Lodge, telling them if they gave up their lands to the north, the government would give the Indians a nation in Indian Territory. Lefthand listened hard as these men talked at Medicine Lodge. The thing that stayed in his mind was that this would be their home for all time to come, and the whites would never live upon it. This was good, and he helped to convince his people. Lefthand's hopes were high as he watched the signing of the treaty.

Leaving the home of their ancestors was not easy for the Arapahoes. No longer would the cooling breeze sweep down from the high mountains into their summer camp to sweeten the air. Their women's crying and moaning could be heard for a long time as the tribe left behind them the flowing mountain streams. On these sandy banks rested the dead of their tribe. With hungry eyes they looked in all directions, trying to fix forever this last look at the beautiful high home before moving to the low plains.

Lefthand's dream of an Indian nation for the Arapahoes began losing its glow soon after reaching their new land. The paradise lost for this tribe could never be replanted. The land was to belong to the Indian, but in every corner and to the middle sat a soldier's fort. The soldiers and the Indian agents were placed there to keep his people on the reservation, but they did not keep the white men out. First came the hide hunters with their big guns. Lefthand could still remember the first time he and his hunters along with the Cheyennes, had seen these hide hunters at their commercial killing. They had trailed a herd of buffalo to the northwest corner of their land. The changing wind had first brought the stink of death to their nostrils. Riding over a hill, the naked carcasses of the buffaloes stretched in a helter-skelter pattern of death as far as the eye could see. The hunters had killed more buffaloes in one day than the Indians would kill for a whole winter!

The young warriors of both the tribes had smoked the war pipe, vowing they would drive these men from their land before they killed all the great buffalo. Hate between the white and red man permeated their land. The air hung so heavy with this hate, so heavy that it was sometimes hard for the Indians to breath. The young men took to raiding the white settlers, wreaking their vengeance on young and old alike. They killed the buffalo hunters wherever they could find them.

The soldier chiefs led their men out over the land of the Cheyenne and Arapaho, trying to force them to live near the agency and to be counted like the white man's cattle. Chief Black Kettle of the Cheyennes and Little Raven of the Arapahoes went into Fort Cobb to talk with the agent, Colonel Hazen. This was one of the few white men that the Indians trusted. Chief Black Kettle told Colonel Hazen they wished to live as their forefathers before them had lived. That they could find food and not live from the white's cooking pot if the soldiers would keep the hidehunters from their lands. That they could not stay in one place and still keep sickness from their lodges. There would be no war between the two peoples if the yellow eyes would leave the buffalo be. Would he, Colonel Hazen, command the soldiers not to molest them in their distant winter retreat on the banks of the Washita?

Sadly, Hazen advised the chieftains that he did not have authority to command the white war chiefs. He could, however, advise them the Indians along the Washita were striving to live up to their agreements made during the big talk on Medicine Lodge Creek.

With tears flowing down his leather-like face, Lefthand saw in his mind's eye, as if they had happened yesterday the

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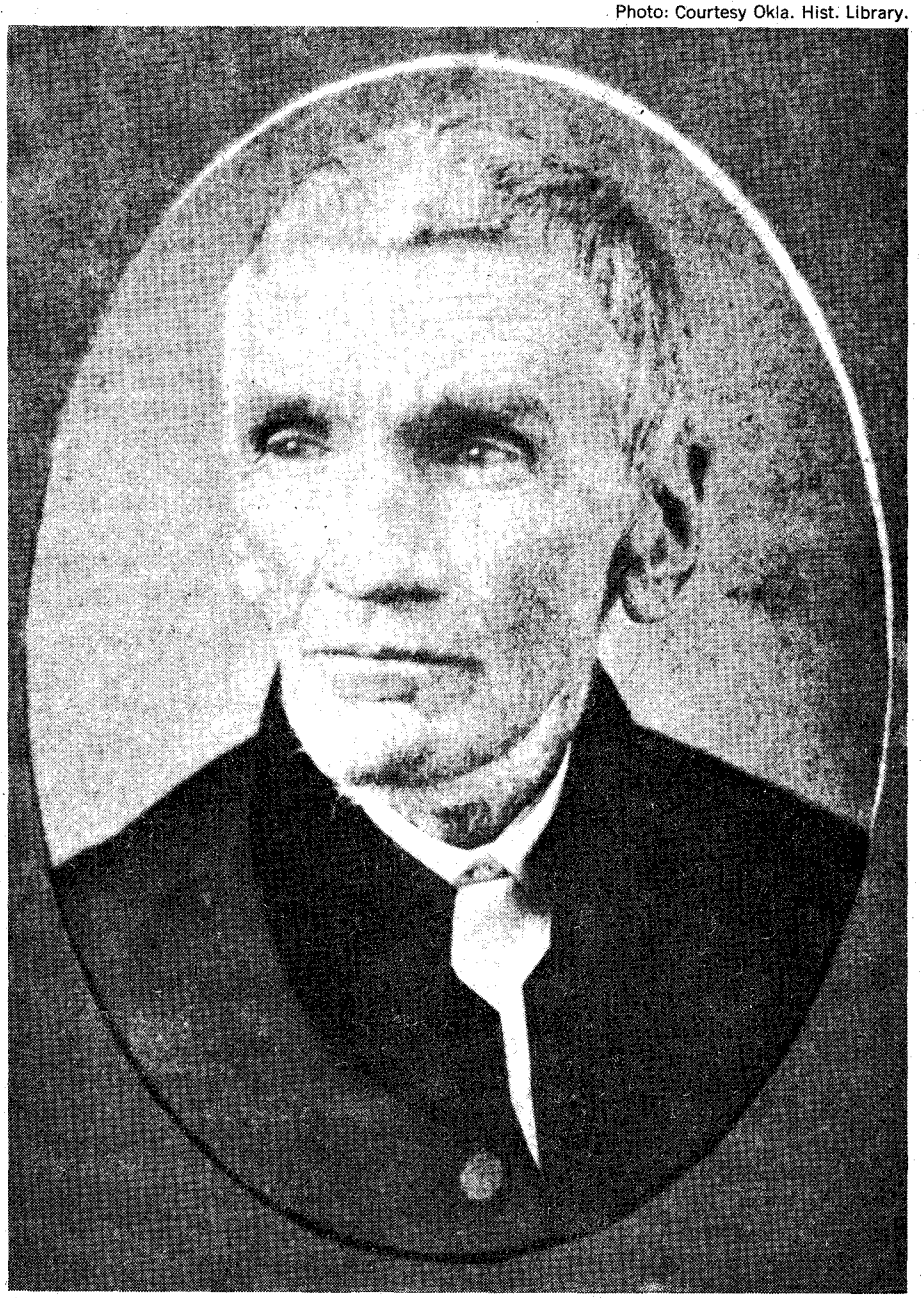
Photo: Courtesy Okla. Hist. Library.



Brinton Darlington, Quaker agent beloved by Cheyenne & Arapaho charges.

events of that cold November morning over twenty years ago on the banks of the Washita. He, along with Chief Little Raven, had ridden to that horrible scene soon after word had been sent down the river of Custer's work. Huge piles of tepees, buffalo robes, buffalo meat, saddles, bows, arrows and other plunder had been reduced to smoldering embers. The blood of over a hundred men, women and children mingled on the white snow with that of eight hundred horses killed by Custer and his men on that black morning.

The long cold winter had been hard for the plains Indians. They had run far to hide from the treachery of Longhair Custer, and to keep their women and children from the same fate that had befallen Black Kettle's people. Little Raven called his people together, telling them they must give up their freedom and go into the fort to be counted. He told them with the breaking of the winter snow, all the soldiers would be looking for them. The soldiers numbered fifteen to every one of the warriors, so they must sacrifice the Arapaho way of life in order to keep their people alive.

That spring, the Cheyenne and Arapahoes made their way to Camp Supply. But Camp Supply did not remain the concentration point long. Brinton Darlington came—he was their new Quaker agent. The aged man determined that he would do everything within his power to bring justice to the abused people. They moved to their agency, which they named Darlington for this beloved man.

It was with love and understanding that Brinton Darlington began to show them the white man's road. The Arapaho more than the Cheyenne, began to follow his path. Lefthand and his tribe soon learned to raise cattle and crops. Unlike the fighting Cheyenne, the Arapahoes did not again take to the warpath, even when the hide hunters finished the job of killing the last of the buffalo on their land.

With the death of Darlington and the disappearance of the last of buffalo, the first white cattle men came upon the 4,300,000 acres of the reservation by way of the government beef contracts. The beef contracts were made with the cattlemen of Texas and beef herds were brought in and pastured on the reservation. Under the reservation policy set down by the government, it was necessary to feed the Indians.

Lefthand could remember that hot summer day he and the other chiefs had gone to Agent John Miles' office for the first time. Miles, like Brinton Darlington, was a Quaker. He was kind and fair with the redman, but never did he love them as brothers, as had their beloved "Whitehair."

The chiefs had gone to speak with Miles about raising their own cattle, instead of bringing white men to their land. Miles earnestly appealed to the Interior Department to further this plan, but the "spoils system" governed this office and no great attempt was made to carry the plan through.

Lefthand sat in his small teepee thinking of the loss of the Arapaho way of life, but how and when did the losing of their land begin. The lost way of life was quick and painful, like a sharp hunting knife cutting out their heart. The losing of the land was slow, unseen, like a lingering sickness.

The disease started with the opening of the first cattle trails across their land. The Chisholm and the Western. Cattle from Texas on the way to Kansas markets would be turned loose for weeks to feed on the abundant buffalo grass. Good range was growing scarce in Texas and Kansas by 1880, so the ranchmen, like all whites, looked to what the redmen owned. Naturally, they began drifting onto the reservation, taking up a permanent occupancy. The tribes tried without success to peacefully eject them from the land. Finally, Agent Miles met with the Cheyenne and Arapaho, asking them to lease the grassland to some cattlemen who were willing to pay. The tribes did not wish the whites on their grass lands, but Miles explained to them that these men would stay with or without permission, so the land was finally leased by the Indians. Then the greed began to grow among the cattle barons. This brought about fighting between the government offices in Washington. D.B. Dyer, the new Indian agent replacing Miles, was told to clear the reservation of all cattle by the President. Lefthand knew this was not to protect the Indian, but simply to stop the fighting among the whites.

In the meantime, the farmers were peering with hungry eyes at the virgin lands of his people. They found a cham-

(Continued on page 49)

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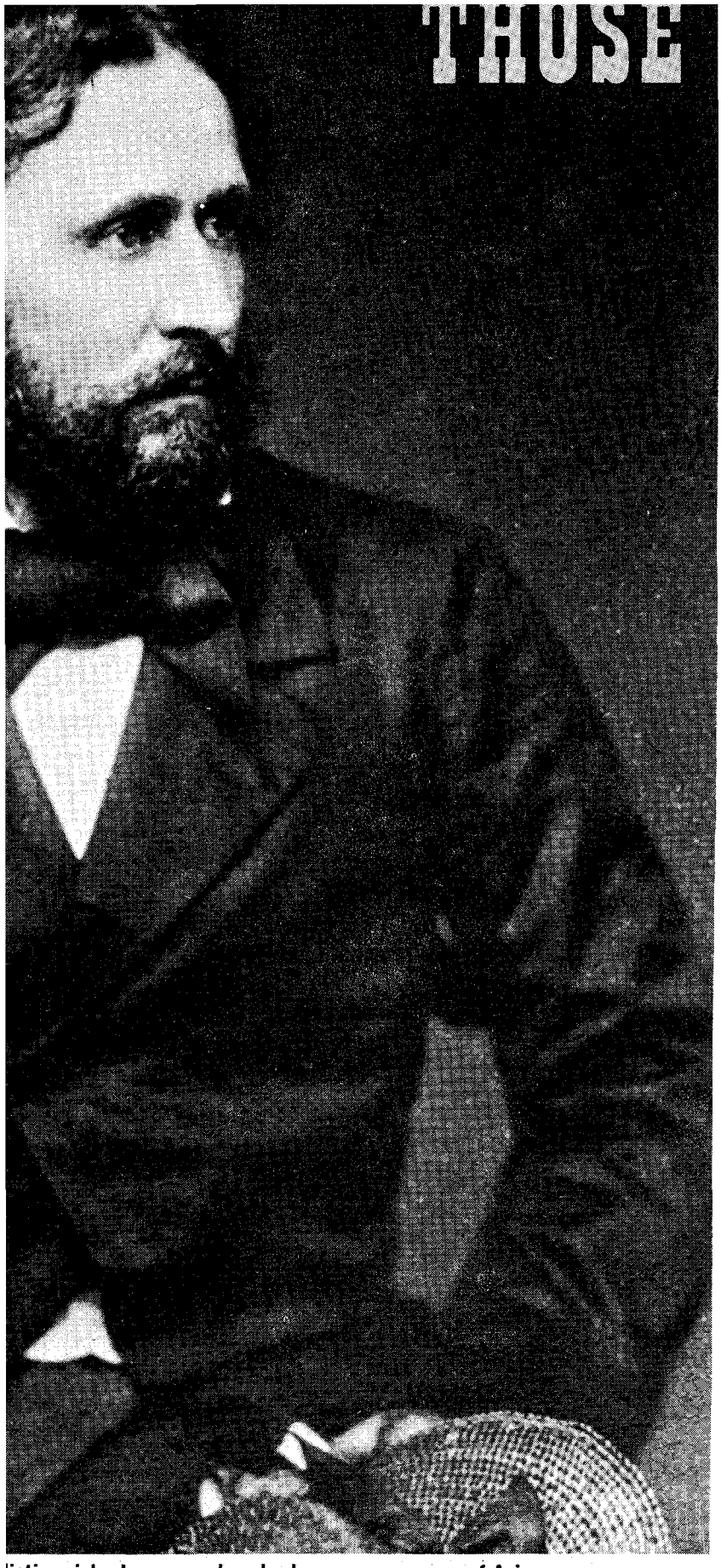

listinguished career when he became governor of Arizona.

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TERRITORIAL GOVERNORS!

Potentially rich, Nevada was established as a Territory in 1861 and made statehood in three short years; her fabulous underground mineral wealth made big, big eyes in Washington, D.C.!

by Stephanie C. Shulsinger

DURING THAT SPRING OF 1879, things came to a head in the Lincoln County War. After numerous killings on both sides, a young hired gun named Billy the Kid surrendered to the new territorial governor, an interesting looking man with a cordial manner and a full beard. In exchange for a pardon for his previous crimes—which included murder—Billy promised to testify in the crucial court case which, it was hoped, would rid the state of its vicious element. He even explained his fancy shooting when the governor asked how he did it.

"Well, General," he replied, "there is a trick to it. When I lift my revolver, I say to myself: 'Point with your finger,' and unconsciously it makes the aim certain. There is no failure. I pull the trigger and the bullet goes true to its mark. That's the trick, I suppose, to my shooting."

The "General" in this remarkable conversation was Lew Wallace, the colorful, controversial Civil War general who had fought at Shiloh with Grant and in Mexico with Taylor, and was the author of a world-famed book, *Ben-Hur*. Excitement surrounded Wallace, and he was finding plenty of it as territorial governor of New Mexico.

But Lew Wallace was only one of the many unusual men who served in the outposts of our civilization from the time of the Northwest Ordinance of 1787. The position of territorial governor, as determined by this important law, was one of the wonderfully unique and creative ideas that have marked the American approach to self-government since the beginning of the Republic.

In most countries, territories purchased or conquered were generally treated with rigor. The people were seldom considered candidates for citizenship, and the adoption of a colony as part of the mother country was rare indeed. A colony was generally used to promote favorable trade for the mother country, and it was exploited for its natural riches and for tax purposes. It also might have military importance, and these were important factors in their overall worth to the mother country. The English colonies in the New World had been founded with these ends in view, as had countless other territories for centuries.

But the Northwest Ordinance, with al-

(Continued on page 43)

Photo: Courtesy Kansas State Hist. Soc.

Edmund G. Ross cast deciding vote.

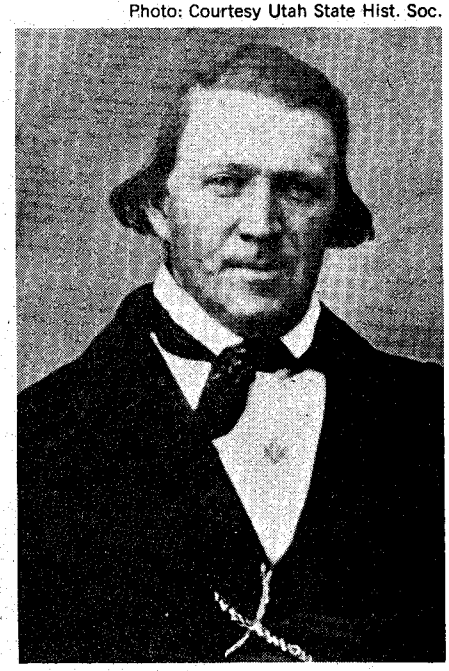
Photo: Courtesy Museum of New Mexico.

Lew Wallace nixed law career.

Photo: Courtesy Kansas State Hist. Soc.

Andrew Reeder fought back!

Photo: Courtesy Utah State Hist. Soc.



Brigham Young was governor of Utah.

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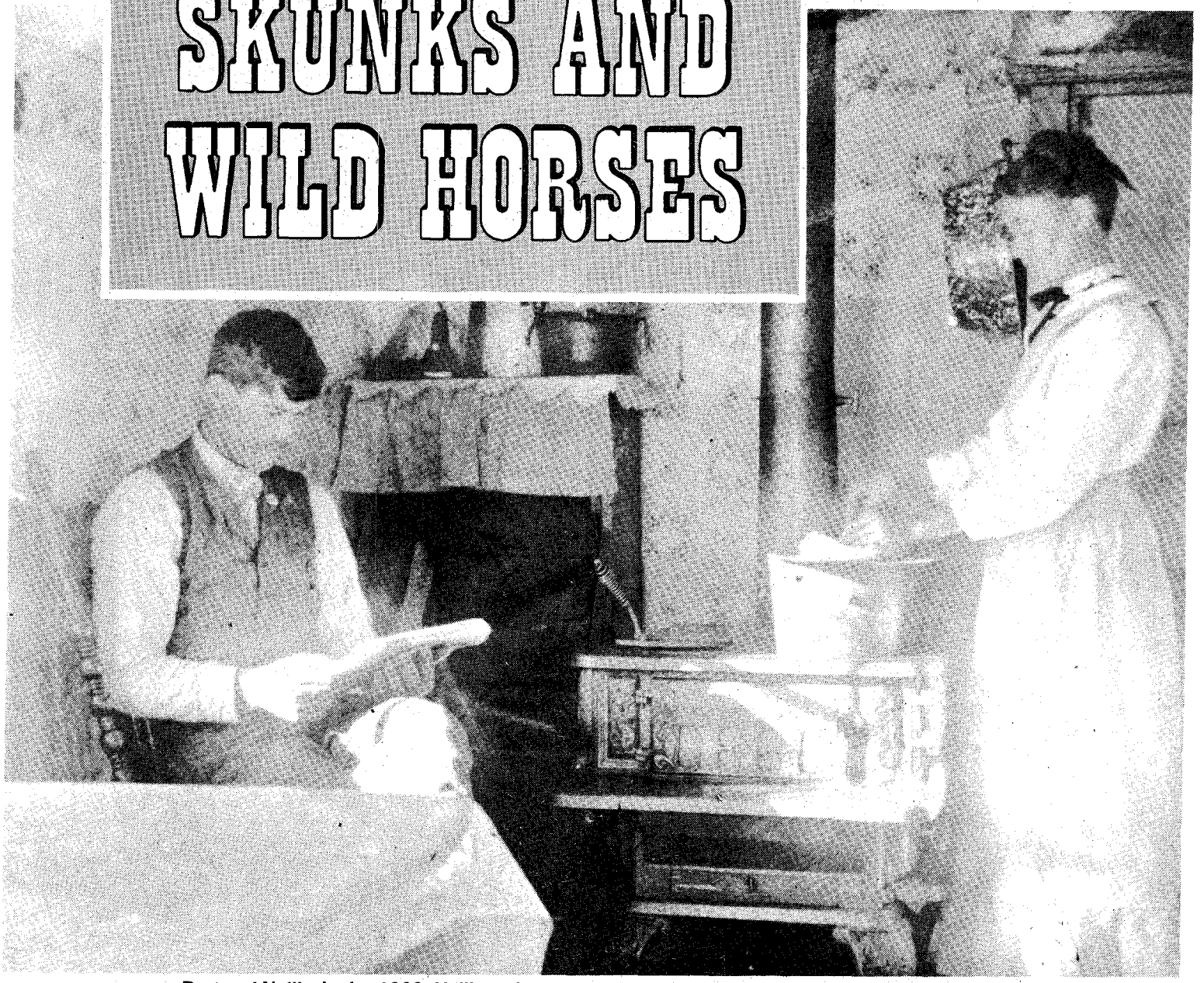
SKUNKS AND WILD HORSES



Bert and Nellie Jenks, 1908; Nellie making cottage cheese. The 1895 Woodbine stove is still in use.

Crete churned the cream with a barrel-type crock and dasher churn, molding it into blocks until there was enough for a load. Every two weeks the spring wagon, when not carrying a corpse, was loaded up with butter and hauled to Deadwood, where good butter brought 25¢ a pound...

by Rozella Bracewell

HIS HAZEL-GREEN EYES dancing, Bert Jenks walked his bride from the handsome buggy to his parents' door that fall afternoon in 1895, and laughed as his father, Luther Jenks, sniffed.

"You'll have to excuse Towser," Mr. Jenks told his son's brand-new wife. "I think that blasted dog just met up with a skunk!"

But Towser wasn't guilty; it was the bridal couple. Bert, 23, didn't know yet that he'd meet a lot of skunks, four-legged and two-legged, in the next four decades. And Nellie, too, would meet up with skunks galore—on her Cloverleaf Farm.

Bert and Nellie Ashton were married at Sturgis, South Dakota, on September 25, 1895, by George W. Perry, then a Sunday School missionary. Not yet an ordained minister, Perry had recently been granted permission to legally marry people. Bert and Nellie were his second clients. The bridal party ate dinner at the Schollard Hotel in Sturgis, and then the young married couple started for the Jenks home, east of Hisland, South Dakota, some 25 miles north of the Black Hills.

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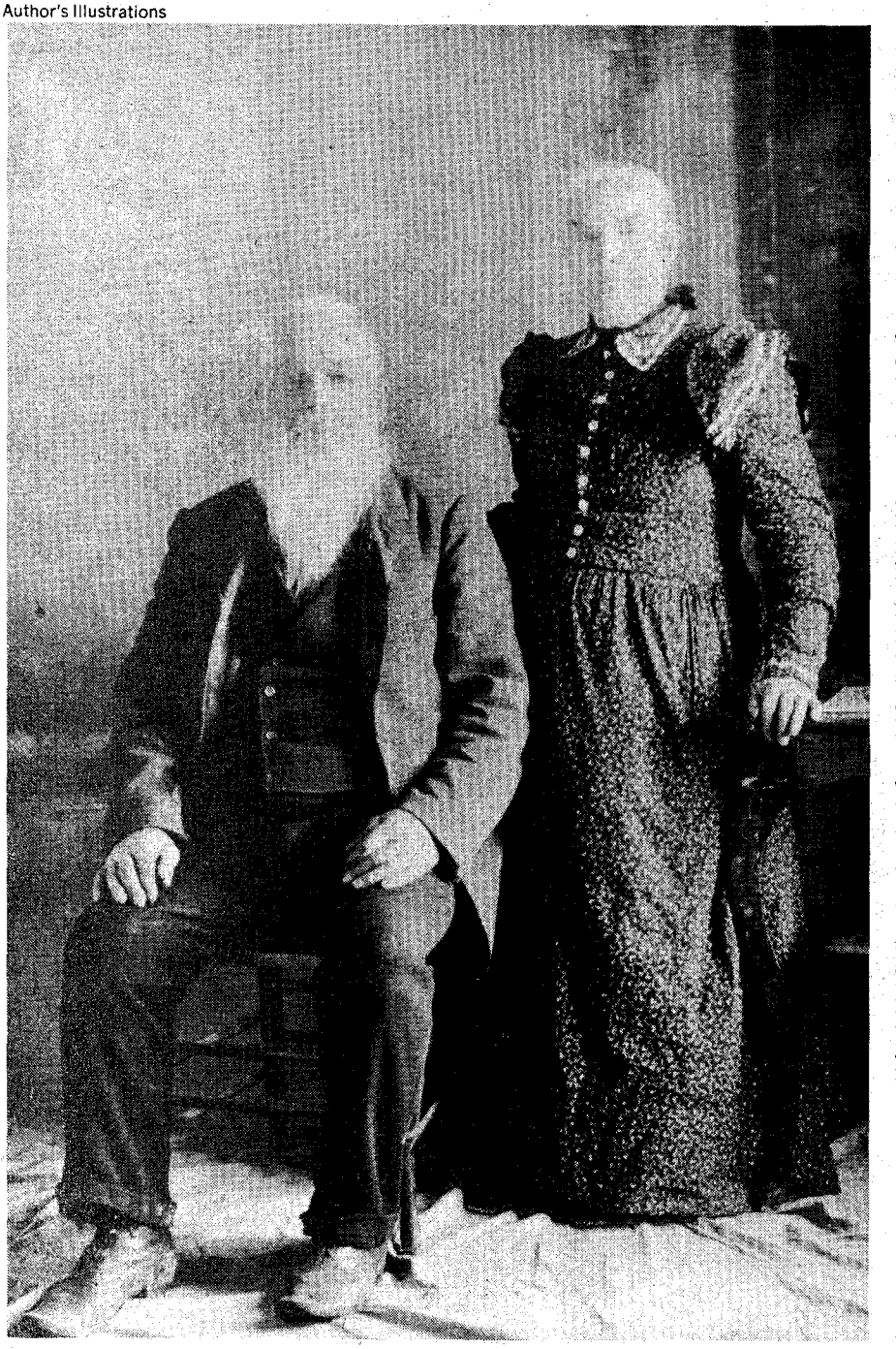

Bert's father and mother, Crete and Luther Jenks.

The bridegroom had borrowed the community's only top buggy for that special day. They picked up Nellie's belongings along the way home, a trunk and a grip, and also her horse and side saddle, tying the horse to the back of the buggy. A quarter of a mile from their destination a skunk darted under the horses' hooves, managing to "bless" the bride and groom with its acrid scent.

Coming to the Black Hills in 1878 to make their fortune in mining for gold, the Luther Jenks family were originally from Schenectady, New York, with a goodly number of ancestors still in England. They had worked in cotton mills, and in time migrated to Grinnell, Iowa, where they manned a post office and owned an inn. They then moved on to Bell Creek (now, Arlington, Nebraska), where they bought a farm and filed a tree claim.

Luther's eldest son, Willis Jenks, a professional buffalo hunter, had slipped into the Black Hills in 1874. Forbidden to white men then— for the Hills were part of the vast Sioux Indian empire—Will managed to elude both the Indians and the United States Cavalry. Making his way back to Nebraska, Will talked his father into coming back to this virgin gold country with him. Luther did go to the Black Hills when Will returned there in 1877, but Crete, (Luther's wife) and the three younger Jenks children, Hoddie, Etta, and Bert, didn't come until the following year.

Luther and Crete had had nine children, five of them dying in infancy during the years of moving about between New York and Nebraska, and other stopping points. The boy, Bert, was the youngest of the clan.

Will met his mother and the children at Pierre, Dakota Territory. The family had come up the Missouri River by steamboat. They started for the Black Hills, nearly 200 miles away, in a mule-drawn covered wagon. Indians attacked the wagon train, stealing all the mules, among other things. Will rode back to Pierre and bought more mules. Eventually, they creaked their way westward to Deadwood.

Luther Jenks took a long, hard look at gold mining and decided that it was not for him, no matter how much money was in it. But business in the new gold mining town of Deadwood was booming, so he started a feed and grain store there. It went well, but Luther decided he didn't like being cooped up inside a store, either, so he started carrying mail by horseback and, sometimes, with a cart, between Deadwood and Minnesela, a new pioneer town out on the rolling prairie northeast of the Hills. The more he scanned the wide-open spaces where the lush grass was stirrup high, the more he yearned for ranching again as a way of life.

Young Will, who foresaw the doom of buffalo hunting, which ended here in 1883, took up separate squatter's rights alongside the Belle Fourche River with his father, some three miles east of Nisland, South Dakota. Will soon left for greener pastures with the incoming railroad, and wound up in Oregon, never again returning to the Black Hills.

Luther instilled public service, as well as a love of the land and a rural way of life, in his younger children. He and his nearby neighbors started the first irrigation system in this vicinity, which is now the hub of the sprawling Belle Fourche Irrigation Project, irrigating over 57,000 acres. But, in the 1880's and 1890's, irrigation was a wild dream. Droughts, grasshoppers, and lagging enthusiasm downgraded the original brilliant idea into an end result of ten miles of hand-dug ditches, three feet deep, never used! The venture starved to death.

Luther Jenks also served on the first area school board. Since he had the first spring wagon here, he became an instant undertaker, wrapping the wooden coffins in clean tarpaulins and hauling them from Nisland up into the Black Hills and other local communities.

Luther's youngest son, Bert, growing up in this unusual environment, liked the cowboys' nomadic ways, but his soul reached out for a glob of land he could call his own. He tried cowboying out on the range, working several summers in the early 1890's for the giant cattle companies, the Flying V and the BXB outfits. Pursuing his dream of ultimately owning

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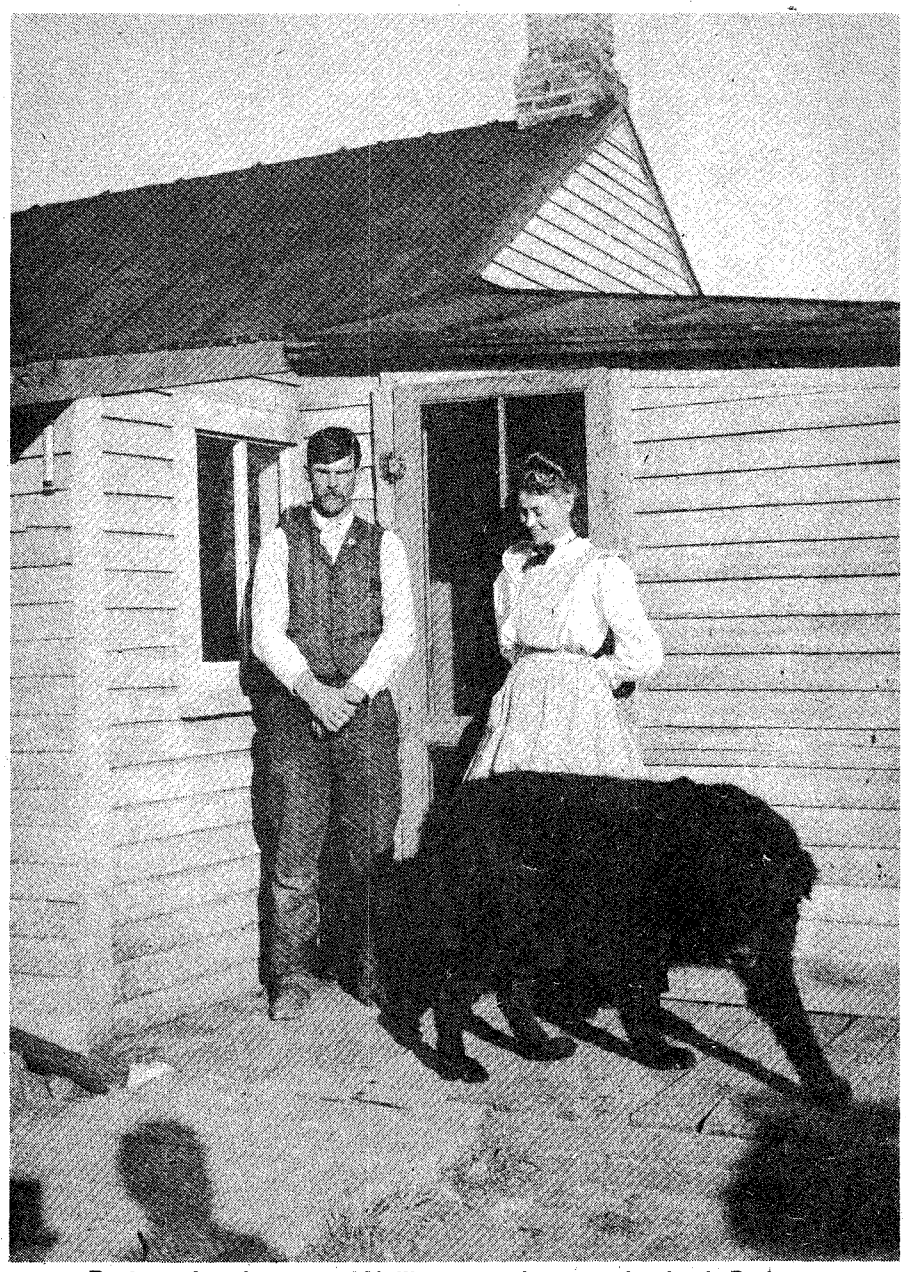
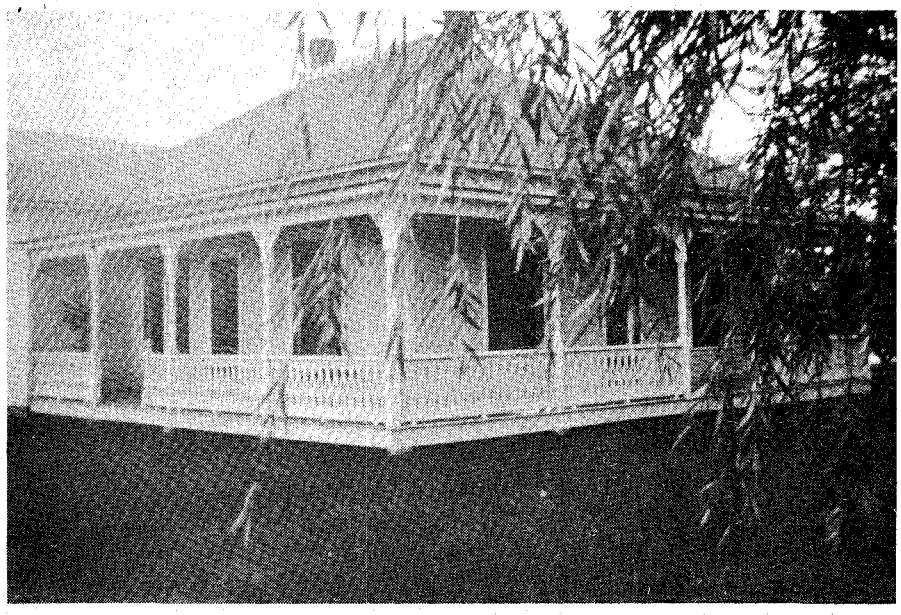


Bert was handsome and Nellie was real pretty; the dog is Pedro.



The six-room house built by Bert and Nellie on Cloverleaf Farm.

land, he filed on a claim in the Fox Ridge vicinity, 80 miles from Luther's, but then he didn't bother to prove up on it!

Finally he decided to come back home and help his parents with their farm. Brother Hoddie had his own well-established cattle spread in the Empire country, east of Luther's, which he had homesteaded in 1886. Sister Etta had become a nurse, and worked in Deadwood.

Luther and Crete needed help. They milked 27 cows *by hand* each night and morning. The cream, after rising, was skimmed off the milk by hand, too, for this using a small piece of fan-shaped tin with tiny holes in the center. Crete churned the cream with a barrel-type crock and dasher churn, molding it into blocks and chilling it until there was enough for a wagonload. Every two weeks the spring wagon, when not carrying a corpse, was loaded up with the blocks of butter and hauled to Deadwood by team, where good butter brought 25¢ a pound the year around.

This was the life to which Bert, in 1895, brought his bride Nellie. They lived with Luther and Crete until 1897, when they homesteaded that little piece of ground Bert had always wanted—80 acres of sandy soil a mile south of Luther's place. They called it Cloverleaf Farm.

Bert bought a two-room house from a race track owner named Barnes, in Vale, seven miles distant. He asked his friend, Hans Sorensen of Nisland, to help him move it to the homestead. They lengthened out their wagons' running gears, log-chained the little shanty down onto the two wagons, hitched four horses side-by-side, and started house moving. Bert stood in the open doorway and Hans braced himself in an open window, driving the teams. Nellie, riding side-saddle, rode alongside when there was room, offering unasked womanly advice. It was nearing chore time when they reached the Rose Crossing, now half way home, at the summer-low Belle Fourche River. They unhitched the horses and rode off, deciding to finish the job the next morning.

Thunder rumbled and bluish-black clouds hugged the Black Hills in the late afternoon and evening, but only lightning and the smell of rain reached out on the parched prairie. When Bert and Hans rode down to the crossing to get the house, the next morning, they could hardly believe their eyes. The river was raging bank-full, swollen by the flash floods from the Black Hills, a geographic, controversial fringe benefit. It was a week before they got the little claim shack across the river and moved to its final destination. The next year they added a room and a porch, a necessity, because now it was the spring of 1898, and a son, Chester, had been born to Bert and Nellie.

Getting started from scratch in farming or ranching back then was as much of a

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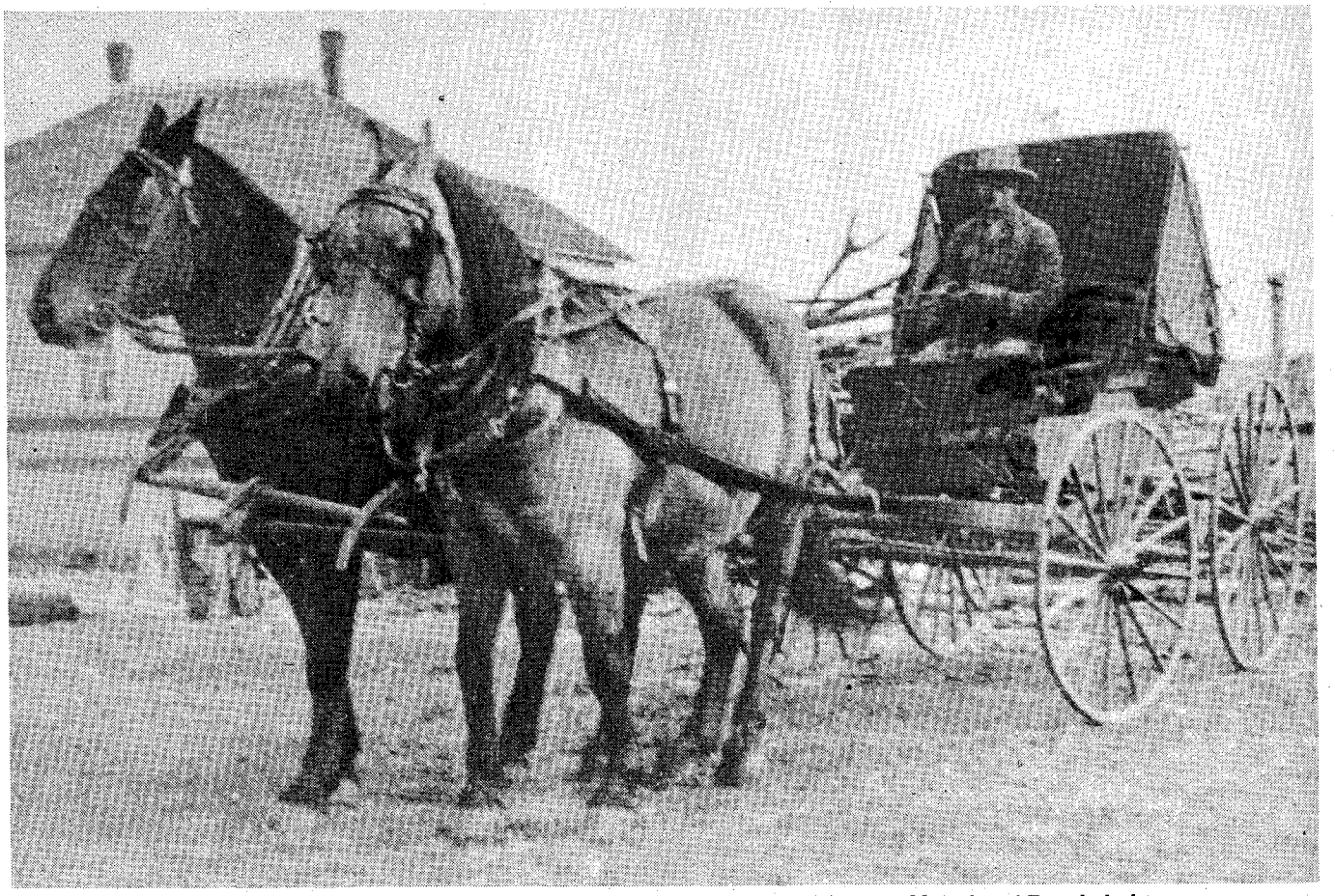

Motor age had arrived by 1915 but Bert still drove trusty buggy with equines Mabel and Bessie in harness.

gamble as it is nowadays. Bert broke up 25 acres of sod with a walking plow. He planted wheat, oats, and corn. Nellie grew a huge garden. With the Fort Meade Cavalry Post not far away, fresh garden produce brought premium prices. Melting snow and soft spring rains made the crops look like green carpets until the scorching hot July and August winds browned the fields and shriveled the grain before maturity. Bert, a responsible husband and father, went back to being a cowboy to get them through the hard times. This time he broke horses for Abe Jones' JB Ranch out at their Slim Buttes spread. The JB furnished thousands of prime horses for the cavalry soldiers stationed at Fort Meade, near Sturgis. The horses had to be rounded up, picked over to eliminate blemishes and off-colors, halter broke, ridden enough to meet Army requirements, and delivered in 40 days. His monthly salary was $25.00.

At times, according to Nellie's diary, she and Bert broke horses to ride and drive for other ranchers—for $5.00 a head. Nellie's job was to open gates, carry ropes or whatever was needed, and help drive.

After being broken to lead, the horse was snubbed to a post and a harness was put on him, not without occasional difficulty. Then Bert mounted his saddle horse and led or dragged the wild horse, (subject to the iron whim of the unwilling captive), to a nearby wagon where a well-broken horse was hitched. A short rope to which were tied three harness rings 12 to 18 inches apart, was placed around the trembling horse's body behind his front legs, with a ring on each side, and one beneath his belly. To the ring on the outside, a rope was tied, going down and through a ring on a strap around his ankle, up through the middle ring, down through the strap ring on the opposite ankle, up through the other side ring and back to the wagon.

When the neck yoke and tugs were in place, Bert and Nellie climbed into the wagon, he with the lines, and she with the rope. What happened next was anything from balky sulking; scared running, or bucking. If the horse tried running, Nellie pulled the rope, pulling his front feet up off the ground. The team was driven around and around, the broken horse obeying the reins and the unbroken one finally getting the message. Some gave up quickly; more spirited horses stubbornly resisted.

In 1905, the contract for the dam construction was signed for a bid of $1,003,199.25, and awarded to Orman and Crooke, of Pueblo, Colorado. Thus, the Orman Dam, in the Belle Fourche River valley, became the second man-made irrigation storage dam built in the United States, under the 1902 Reclamation Act. It still stores water for the Belle Fourche Irrigation Project. The dream of Luther Jenks and his neighbors for irrigation and a better life became a reality, although he and Crete didn't live long enough to see water fill the 200 miles and more of ditches and two canals. The North Canal, 50 feet wide, 30 feet deep; the South Canal, 40 feet wide and 20 feet deep. A big, big project.

Bert and Nellie, in 1906, began to build a brand new six-room frame house. They seeded a huge lawn and set out a grove of cottonwood, box elder, ash, and silver poplar trees, along with willows and honey locusts. With irrigation effective in 1911-1912, Bert added alfalfa to his crops, and farming on Cloverleaf Farm became a profitable business. There was no more time or need for cowboying.

Nellie was busy as usual, and with a few hobbies, too. A born rockhound, she collected over 70 tons of rocks from all over the world, many of them given to her by friends and relatives. A hobby not shared by Bert, who thought rocks a giant nuisance. He hauled the larger ones for her in a stoneboat, calling each and every rock a variety of colorful cusswords.

After cars became popular they decided that the narrow driveway north of the house, edging a high cliff, should be widened and shored up on the outer side. Nellie hired their son's father-in-law, George Kruckenberg, to do the job. He worked with a team of horses one summer in the early 1930's, building an enormous

(Continued on page 42)

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Picturesque Gold Lake in Sierra County, California, was always just a little beyond the horizon.

Old Caleb Greenwood was famous for his tall tales and rough, practical jokes in the California gold fields—but this one topped them all

GOLD LAKE LIAR

by Harold O'Neal

BLACK, OMINOUS clouds drifted rapidly across the Sierra Nevada sky. A rippling crash of thunder followed a zigzag slash of lightning and reverberated from the large rocks and tall pines of the mighty mountains.

Wafting ozone seemed to revitalize the entire muscular coordination of the small wagon train canine traveler—all but his tail, that is. That body elongation dragged a muddy furrow through the rain-dampened soil, as the small animal dashed for shelter beneath his master's horse, where it padded in wary fear.

As the lightning flashed again, old Caleb Greenwood's mount made a nervous lunge which threatened the dog's safety. The 80-year-old trail blazer leaned his aged, but supple, frame toward the ground and snatched the pup to protective custody on his saddle.

The protective instinct exhibited by the old man for his dog also guarded the welfare of the humans who rode the wagon trains he guided to California. Many a weary emigrant was watched over with paternal-like care by the aged guide, who doubled as campfire story teller on the trail.

His yarns, broad, boisterous and fanciful, served a dual purpose: they entertained while, at the same time, serving as mind therapy for weary travelers. Old Greenwood, as he was known, often seemed amused by his own stories. His face would crinkle with laughter, as he watched wide-eyed wagon train children absorbed in an outrageous tale.

But the ultimate in tall tales from the old guide was not to make its appearance until more than a year after the gold discovery at Sutter's Mill, January 24th, 1848. The old man was

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fascinated with the rough humor of the gold camps, and his delight in playing practical jokes on eager argonauts was exceeded only by his fondness for strong drink.

An old Spanish legend was to serve as the basis for Old Greenwood's most fanciful story: a tale of a fabulous *Laguna De Oro,* a Lake of Gold, where the shore pebbles were nuggets—nuggets of pure gold!

Old Greenwood was a topic of curiosity on the trail. According to whispered rumors, the picturesque, buckskin-dressed, old squawman was a fugitive, who had fled Virginia after shooting a sheriff.

It was said that his flight led to the mighty Crow Indian nation, where at first he was barely tolerated. Later, however, the tale went, he was accepted and the tribal council allowed his marriage to a pretty maiden named Batchicka, who, in fifteen years, was to bear six half-breed children for her white husband.

By 1822 the restless spirit of Greenwood was striving for release from Indian life. He yearned for a return to civilization; he yearned for the companionship of whites. Often in his dreams he saw himself putting a foot on a real brass rail and drinking with friends—white friends! But always, always he awoke to the same nauseous stench of burning buffalo chips and Indian sweat.

When General William Ashley arrived in the Crow Nation seeking a guide for a fur-trading and trapping expedition to California, Greenwood was delighted. His opportunity had come. He applied and was accepted for the job, and his Indian-trained eyes served the party well, providing ample meat for their campfires.

After successful completion of the expedition, Old Greenwood went into business for himself, trapping and fur-trading. For more than 20 years he wandered the lofty peaks and deep ravines of the wild country.

IN 1844 he was signed on as wagon train guide for the Stevens party, leaving Council Bluffs bound for the Pacific Coast. His sons, Britain, 18, and John, 20, accompanied the 23 men, eight women and 15 children that comprised the party. Commanding was Elisha Stevens.

The Greenwoods led the wagons on a route north of the Platte River, later to be called the Mormon trail. From Big Sandy Creek, where the water flowed toward California, the party took a 43 mile cutoff that shortened the regular route by five or six days journey.

The more direct trail, used extensively by those who followed, became known as *Greenwood's Cutoff.* Although the remainder of the trip to the Sierras was for the most part uneventful, the party's crossing of those rugged peaks has deservedly been chronicled as a feat of fortitude, bravery and hardship that showed the way for the thousands of emigrants who later made their way west.

After the successful crossing Old Greenwood decided there was money to be made guiding wagons from Fort Hall to Sutter's Fort. Captain Sutter agreed and promised to pay him an additional fee for all emigrants who settled on his (Sutter's) large Spanish Grant domain.

Old Greenwood's proclivity for talk stood him in good stead when he returned to Fort Hall and attempted to persuade emigrants of the virtues of California over Oregon. His press agent tongue curled and twisted as he stressed the golden opportunity and fertile land that awaited those with the good sense to choose the route to California.

He warned of the rough road and danger from hostile Indians on the Oregon trail. In contrast, his honeyed words made light of the California road: an easy grade on a good trail, he said. Besides, he promised, Captain Sutter's men would meet them at the halfway point with fresh supplies.

Some latter-day Madison Avenue sharpshooting hucksters might possibly have learned a lesson in salesmanship had they observed the illiterate old mountain man in action. On his first try, Old *(Continued on page 54)*

Rugged countryside traversed by prospectors searching for the Laguna de Oro.

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William Brazelton:
good-humored
friendly
respected
and a thief!

San Xavier Del Bac . . . near this old Mission s.w. of Tucson, bandit was surrounded, trapped, killed.

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The handsome newcomer to Tucson quickly won friends; of his many talents the most amazing was his expert shooting; he could turn a somersault with a pistol in his hand and come up firing at—and hitting—a half dollar twenty-five yards away.

The Bloody Mouth Stage Coach Bandit

by

Donald N. Bentz

IN THE LATE 1870's A SERIES of stage holdups plagued the Territory of New Mexico, an area which in those years also comprised the Arizona Territory. Railroads had not as yet reached this part of the Southwest, so stage lines, connecting the largest towns in this part of the United States, were vital communication links in the transportation network.

Besides carrying passengers the stage lines also carried the mail and frequently gold and silver bullion from the mines. As they had to travel over many miles of desolate desert country, they were also very vulnerable.

The year 1877-78 witnessed an epidemic of stage robberies. The citizens were baffled and outraged. One Tucson editorial writer said: "Highwaymen are now worse public enemies in this part of Arizona than the Apaches ever were, and if found they should be killed without ceremony or mercy." *(Arizona Citizen,* August 23, 1878.)

On Wednesday, July 31, 1878, at two p.m., the stage left Tucson, bound for Florence. Arthur Hill was the driver. The passengers were veterinary surgeon Wheatley, John P. Clum, and one Chinese. The ranch at Point of Mountain, some eighteen miles northwest of Tucson, was reached at about five o'clock.

A light rain was falling at this noted stage and freighting station, which was well-known for its abundant water and large groves of mesquite. After a short rest the happy stage group again hit the trail. When only about ten minutes along the route the sand at the Point of Mountain was struck and the horses started a slow walk.

Suddenly a figure stepped out from behind some road-

Photo: Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Hist. Soc. Library.

John Club, newspaperman, Indian Agent; he was holdup victim of the bloody mouth bandit . . .

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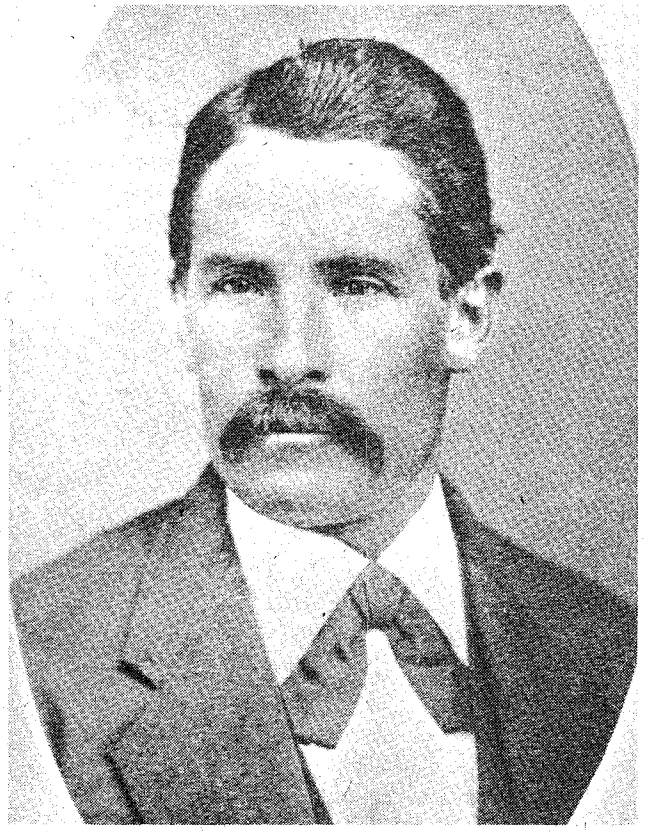
Photo: Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Hist. Soc. Library.



Juan Elias; noted Tucson tracker trailed the elusive bandit . . .

Photo: Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Hist. Soc. Library.

Robert E. Leatherwood; suspect worked in Leatherwood's Tucson Livery Stables . . .

side bushes, like an apparition. He addressed the stage driver in harsh tones, to which the startled driver made some reply and stopped the coach. The intruder was about six feet tall and well built. He had his pants tucked in his boots and wore small brass spurs such as were used by the Army. His weapons were a Spencer carbine and a Colt's army size six-shooter. He held his carbine to his shoulder and his pistol was grasped in the fingers of his left hand which was pressed close to the carbine gun barrel and parallel with it, thus giving it the appearance of being fastened to the carbine.

The bandit wore a white muslin sack over his head, with holes cut out for the eyes, a rise or puff in the cloth for his nose, and bright red stripes of flannel cloth attached as a mouth. The mask extended well over his shoulders, and was a most frightening and even fiendish thing to behold.

Mr. Clum, then editor, publisher, and chief reporter of the *Arizona Citizen,* at that time being published in Florence, had a pistol, but it lay on the floor of the coach. Dr. Wheatley had one also, but it was on the seat under a blanket.

The robbery was being staged in open daylight and was so unexpected that the driver and passengers were almost wholly unprepared to resist, or at least, they wisely refrained from doing so.

The "bloody mouth bandit," in a voice like "the roar of a mountain lion," bellowed out: "The first one that moves I'll kill deader than Hell. You may get me but I'll get some of you first and I'd just as soon die as not."

He then ordered Hill, the driver, to throw out the express box and two mail sacks, which was promptly done. The Chinaman was next relieved of $6 in loose change. Mr. Clum, with some embarrassment, gave up only three Mexican dollars. Dr. Wheatley involuntarily contributed $28.

After scanning the coach for a moment longer the bandit ordered the party to drive on, said order being found quite convenient to obey by those most concerned.

Mr. Clum breathed a sigh of relief, as the robber had not observed that he was wearing a watch and chain worth $225. It was later reported that the express box was empty, and there was nothing of too much value in the mails. Hence, he only obtained $37 from the stage passengers, plus the two pistols which he also confiscated.

The stage party moved on to Desert Station, some seven miles distant, and reported. But Clum, the newspaperman, had a real scoop. Florence was the first major stop after the robbery, and Clum had an eye witness story (his own) of the holdup.

In writing his account of the Arizona stage holdup Clum called the attention of his journalistic clientele to the following: "Our readers will remember the ruffian who robbed the stage east of Silver City, N.M., about three months past. Colonel Willard and Lieutenant West were on the coach. This robbery was committed in the night and the report stated that the robber 'had a pistol strapped to his gun.' This leads us to believe that the two robberies were committed by the same man."

Clum also reprinted a story which had appeared in the *La Mesilla Independent.* This story told of a stage holdup on or about June 1, 1878, between Silver City and La Mesilla, New Mexico Territory. The methods used by this bandit were extraordinarily similar to the ones used by the Arizona holdup artist Mr. Clum had encountered. In both cases the bandit simply vanished into the night.

It is a well-known fact that journalists and writers did, and still do, nurture and embellish the image of the Old West. J.P. Clum was one of these men. However, the "bloody mouth bandit," though not a newspaperman, went these gentlemen even one step further.

On Thursday, August 8, 1878, just eight days after the "Clum" holdup, the stage was again making the run from Tucson to Florence. Arthur Hill was also back in the seat as driver and he carried an express box, mail sacks, and two passengers, one of them a Mr. John Miller, who rode beside him.

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As the coach neared the Point of Mountain Mr. Miller asked the driver to show him where the July 31st robbery had taken place. Mr. Hill said it was just a little ways ahead and he would show him the exact spot when they reached it. In a matter of minutes the stage was slowing as it passed this location, and Mr. Hill said, "There, the robber was hid behind that bush . . . " Mr. Miller nodded—and in almost the same breath Hill added, " . . . and there he is again."

At that moment the "bloody mouth bandit" sprang from behind the same bush, and jumped before the horses shouting, "Yes, here I am again. Throw up your hands!"

The usual routine was then followed. The express box and mail sacks were thrown out. While the passenger inside the coach gave up only $8, Mr. Miller was obliged to give up his wallet which contained $226. (Clum, in his newspaper account of this holdup, said: "Mr. Miller is a poor man with a large family and can ill afford the loss. He had the earnest sympathy of his many friends.")

After the criminal activities were concluded the stage was ordered to drive on, and it arrived at Desert Station just about dark. Parties left for Tucson immediately to notify the authorities.

Clum, displaying a positive lack of tact, reported: "We understand that the sheriff's posse, while on their way to the scene of the robbery, met a lone horseman with whom they conversed, but did not arrest. This shows a want of judgement or courage, or both. The next morning the posse took the robber's track and trailed it directly back to the place where they met the lone horseman. No arrests have yet been made."

This part of Clum's newspaper version of the latest stage holdup was mere hearsay and the sheriff was naturally displeased to see his courage and abilities questioned in print.

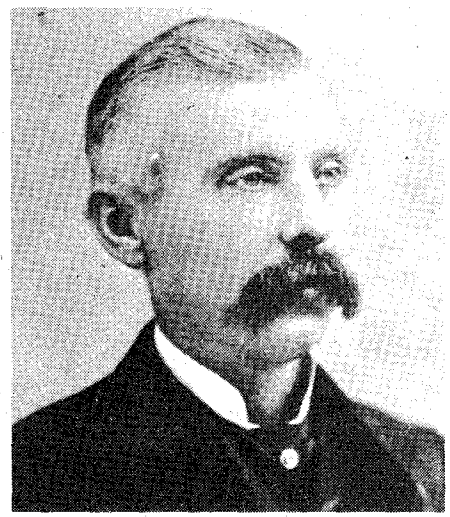
The fact of the matter was that the sheriff, Charles Alexander Shibell, (1841-1908), was an extremely able and dedicated law officer. He had come from St. Louis to Arizona in 1862 as a teamster. Besides serving as sheriff of Pima County for many years, he also worked as a collector of customs, and was later proprietor of the Palace Hotel in Tucson.

Clum quickly realized his journalistic error and printed the following in the next issue of his newspaper: "We are informed that Sheriff Shibell of Pima County has been energetic in his endeavors to capture the highwayman who robbed the stage and the mail at Point of Mountain on the 8th instant . . ."

Prior to the two holdups near Tucson Sheriff Shibell had received several reports describing the stage holdups near Silver City, Las Cruces, and Albuquerque, New Mexico, and of a few others in Arizona Territory in which the description of the bandit fitted the man who twice held up driver Hill. Also in both of the holdups near Tucson the bandit was said to have had a black horse with one white forefoot, or sock, with him.

Sheriff Shibell and a few of his deputies had found nothing at the scene of the latest holdup on the same evening of that event, but returned the next day. The sheriff had a very able tracker with him this time, a man named Juan Elias. What was thought to be the tracks of the robber's horse were painstakingly unraveled from the many other tracks at the scene. It was noted that one foot of the robber's horse twisted with each step, dug into the ground, and left an unmistakable and easily recognized hoofprint. (Another story tells us that the robber's horse had thrown part of one of its shoes, thereby also leaving a good trail to pursue.)

Photo: Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Hist. Soc. Library.



Sheriff Charles A. Shibell finally exterminated evasive thief . . .

Nevertheless, the sheriff and his posse did follow one particular set of tracks. The trail led them back to Tucson, and around the outskirts on the east beyond the town going south, and was lost on account of a heavy fall of rain. It was ascertained from a Mexican on a ranch east of town that a man answering the description of the robber perfectly, (as given by Mr. Miller, who was robbed on the stage), brought his horse, which was also described, to water near the ranch. On this information the officers again took to the road, and from another Mexican living south of town they learned that the same man and horse had been seen in that vicinity. Following up this trace of the whereabouts of the robber, the posse finally came upon the horse, tethered to a cottonwood tree, in the possession of one Mr. David Nemitz, at his ranch, about one and a half miles south of Lee's Mill, which was only about three miles from Tucson.

The next proceeding was to arrest the Germanic David Nemitz. This was done and he was brought to town for further questioning. The Sheriff was fully convinced that Nemitz, if not a party to, was familiar with the details of the robberies, and knew the identity of the "bloody mouth bandit."

The people of Tucson, approximately 3,200 at this time, were rather shocked by this development in the case. David Nemitz was known as a young, industrious, and honest man. For several years he had worked for a prominent Tucson businessman, Mr. Robert N. Leatherwood. The Leatherwood Corrals, or livery stables, were important to this southwestern town, as the owner boarded livestock, rented horses and buggies, and repaired saddles and harnesses, as well as rolling stock. His corrals stood between Church and Court Streets facing Pennington Avenue, next to the Courthouse. Leatherwood himself was born in North Carolina in 1844, came to Arizona in 1867, settled in Tucson and became quite influential. He was Mayor of Tucson when the railroad came to town in 1880. He also served as Sheriff of Pima County, and as a member of the State Legislature.

Nemitz, who had quit his job at Leatherwood's Corrals and taken a new one at Lee's Mill, said that the horse was left at his place by a stranger. This was not believed by the Court, and he was bound over in the sum of $2,500 and taken to jail. While there he was visited by a large number of Tucson's leading citizens who begged him to tell the sheriff what he knew.

Nemitz, obviously in fear of someone, deferred to the wishes of those who wanted him to talk. He was released on bail, that same "large number of Tucson's leading citizens" going his bond, and he was promised protection from both angry townspeople and the "bloody mouth bandit," whose identity was now revealed for the first time. Nemitz informed Sheriff Shibell that the elusive desperado was none other than one William Whitney Brazelton!

This announcement was the most shocking revelation of all!

A young man had ridden into Tucson in September, 1877. He was approximately twenty-six years of age, possessed of a herculean frame, over six feet tall, and weighed about two hundred pounds. Under a wide slouch hat his complexion was very light, and he had large, bold, bright blue eyes peering over a clean-cut aquiline nose. He had a heavy head of dark brown hair, and a regular and well formed chin which was sparsely covered with whiskers of a yellow tinge. He had the undefinable air of a mountain man about him.

It didn't take long for this robust, likable, individual to find a job. Robert Leatherwood soon had him handling and hauling grain, wood, and hay, and doing

(Continued on page 56)

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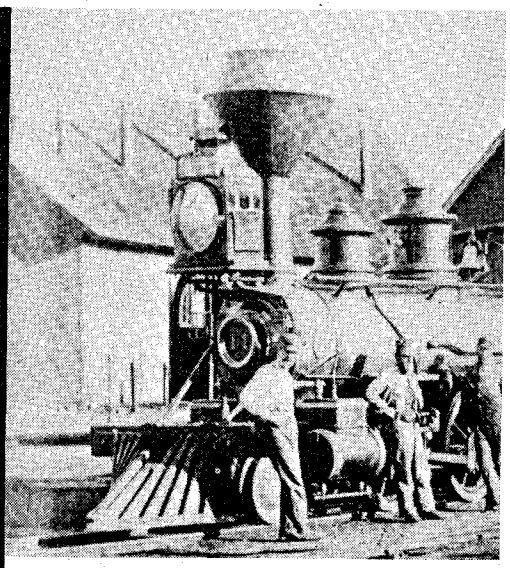
Cause Of Death— LYNCHING

No one dreamed it would turn into a nightmare; the young men had hoisted more than a few and became argumentative, and then one became outrageous when he punctuated his point of view with a gun . . .

Illustrations furnished by author.

Logan, 1874; foreground, willow-dotted, is where Charlie was captured.



Utah Northern Railroad yards at Logan;

by A.J. Simmonds

THE SNOW LAY SEVERAL INCHES deep in the northern Utah city of Logan in early February 1873. The colored alcohol in a hundred cheap thermometers all over town hovered close to zero. Even with the intense cold, there was a great deal of activity in Logan. Just west of the city several hundred men with their teams, wagons, slip scrapers, picks and shovels were scraping snow and dragging tons of frozen earth to the railroad grade which pointed north like a compass toward the tiny farming villages of Smithfield, Richmond, and Franklin.

Not that Logan itself was anything but a village. A county census taken the preceding March revealed a total population of only 2,033. But Logan was on the move. Only a few days before, on January 31, 1873, at about five o'clock in the afternoon—after sunset in the short winter days—the railroad had come to Logan. Engine No. 11 of the narrow-guage Utah Northern Railroad pulled in to the temporary depot on West Street.

The arrival of the railroad was the signal for a three-day celebration. Dances at the schools and at Logan Hall, the hub of the city's social life, feasting, rounds of parties, plenty of high-powered speech-making by railroad officials and lively music marked the celebrations. Especially music—played by the city's pride—the Logan Brass and Military Band.

Originally the band was attached to the Cache Valley Brigade of the Nauvoo Legion, Utah's Territorial Militia, but it was really Logan's own. It played for all important occasions and it played well—and the town rewarded it. Only three months before, on November 1, 1872, the City Council had appropriated $100 to buy instruments and music for the band. As an extra payment for their services, the Council had also remitted the band members' poll taxes!

Not only was Logan well on its way toward becoming a railroad center, but it was also a manufacturing town. Along the banks of Logan River—which bounded the city on the south and whose swift current turned their water wheels—were ten mills and factories. Some were large like T. E. Ricks & Co.'s Grist Mill or Card & Sons' Saw and Shingle Mill (where dozens of newly arrived immigrants from England and Denmark worked ten-to twelve-hour shifts). Others were no more than family enterprises, like the small Turning Shop of Charles Olsen or Peter Affleck's Foundry and Machine Shop.

Logan was also the county seat of Cache County and the residence of its leading citizens. Though the courthouse

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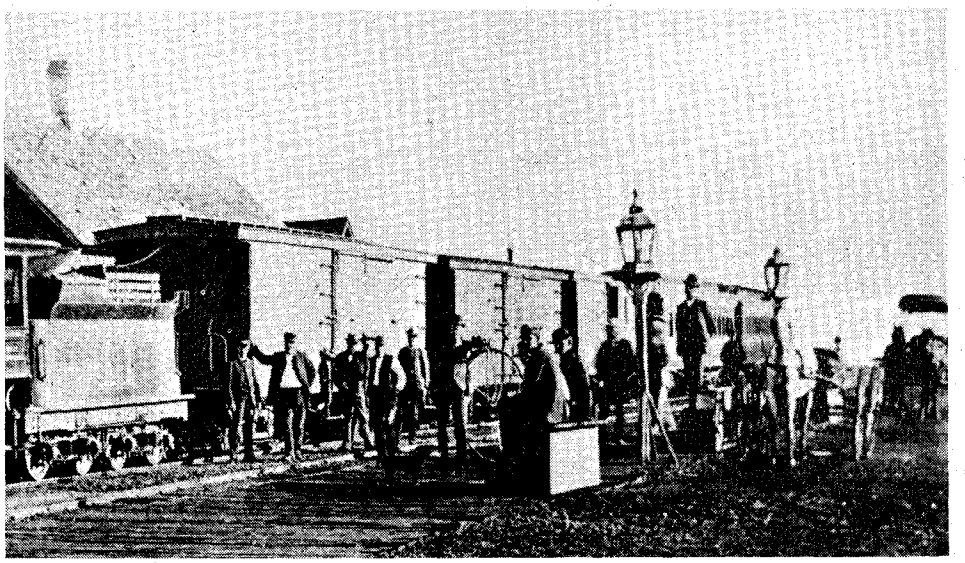

railroad reached town just a month before the lynching.

was only a two-story frame structure on the corner of Fourth and Main, with the courtroom on the second floor and offices and two jail cells on the first, plans were already laid for replacing it with a more substantial—and suitable—building of brick, worthy of Utah's fourth largest county.

But, for all the growth and promise of growth, Logan was a quiet town. Most of its 417 males over 21 years of age (and a good many younger than that) were farmers who, even in February, worked long, hard hours with their machinery and stock. In Utah farmers tended to live in villages and to travel to and from their scattered holdings. That was the case in Logan. Town lots were large, one and an eighth acres. Barns, granaries, corrals, gardens, and orchards crowded the centers of the blocks. It gave the town the appearance of an urban community bountifully invaded by the countryside.

That countryside was usually peaceful. There wasn't much trouble in Logan. City Marshal Mark Fletcher was a blacksmith most of the time—which was probably just as well. His total salary for 1872 was an even $60.

There were eleven policemen, their names reflecting the Anglo-Scandinavian composition of the city's population: Henry Flammer, Ralph Smith, Eleumel Steele, Kanute Hansen, John P. Smith, Joseph M. Wright, Joseph E. Hyde, John Ormond, Walter Cole, and Niels Hansen. But they were only on call during some big emergency, like snow blocking the train tracks or the visit of some drunken Indians. Thirty-one "special police" could be called on to help put out fires, when everyone from Mayor William B. Preston to store clerk Hyrum Hayball would turn out to help man a bucket brigade. For all the apparent signs of progress, the Logan City of 1873 lacked a fire department.

Regardless of the police and special police, on most nights only watchman N. W. Birdno was on the streets. For patrolling the town during the winter months, "Neph" (a convenient nickname for the more unwieldy Nehemiah) received two dollars per night. Like Marshal Fletcher, N. W. Birdno too was a blacksmith.

Not that Logan did not have its troubles. It did. On February 4, 1873, County Coroner Charles O. Card (who was later to move and give his name to Cardston, Alberta, Canada) complained to the City Council that brewer Henry Worley, who lived on the corner of Second and Thomas Streets, was keeping a "very disorderly establishment." Mr. Card alleged in his complaint that there were "frequently large drunken crowds" at the brewery. The Council appointed a committee of two to advise Mr. Worley of the complaint made against him. But it was winter, and the local brew helped warm the body. If the crowds weren't loud, few would mind the indulgence.

N. W. Birdno was expecting nothing out of the ordinary when he left his house and attached blacksmith shop on South Main Street shortly after eight on the evening of February 14; it was a Friday night, Valentine's Day. There was a dance at Logan Hall to celebrate the holiday. Mr. Birdno might have thought to himself that people would be out on the streets later than usual.

Not everyone was occupied solely with the cold and the Valentine's Ball, however.

Not far away from where Watchman Birdno was beginning his rounds, a group of young men were walking slowly along Third Street toward Logan Hall. They had been doing some heavy drinking, with the inevitable result that some of them were laughing and a few were quarreling. A couple were armed. Utah was still a frontier in 1873; and, while revolvers were hardly a necessity, many men—particularly the young men—wore them.

If the frontier experience proved anything, it was that liquor, arguments and six-guns don't mix. Words got warmer and tempers shorter. All of a sudden, Charlie Benson drew his gun and fired at David W. Crockett. The bullet struck Crockett in the chest. He crumpled to the ground, the blood from the wound staining the snow. The gunfire had a sobering effect. Charlie holstered the gun and, quickening his steps, hastened along the street. Dozens of people who had seen the shooting stepped back into the doorways along Third Street as Charlie passed, then hurried to the body lying in the snow. Crockett had died instantly.

Charlie Benson enjoyed a reputation in Logan which was envied only by small boys. He had a mercurial temper and a draw to match. In December 1868 he had shot and killed eighteen-year-old William Parry in Malad City, Idaho Territory, and then fled back across the Utah border. He had been held temporarily by Utah officials, but a certain frontier leniency about such cases—where even a vague excuse of self-defense could be advanced—had secured his release on a writ of *Habeas Corpus*.

People thought of the earlier incident as twenty-five-year-old Crockett lay dead in a snowdrift stained with his own blood.

Charlie passed Logan Hall, then doubled back to his home. Quite sober by now, he told his mother what he had done. He snatched up a loaf of bread, some cheese, a buffalo robe, and left. The horses were all disabled with the sickness which made its seasonal rounds every winter. If he were to escape, it would have to be by mare's shank in the middle of a hard winter.

When Charlie braved the bitter cold of St. Valentine's night the city was already alerted to the murder. The police—and special police—were mobilized for the search. County Sheriff Alvin Crockett, the victim's uncle, assumed co-command of the search with Marshal Fletcher. Volunteers doubled and then redoubled the size of the police force. Everyone was armed, and scouts were immediately sent to cover the roads leading out of town. Sheriff Crockett wired Salt Lake City, Ogden, and the Cache County towns near Logan.

The city resembled an armed camp. No one got much sleep that night. Behind bolted doors armed citizens kept vigil.

Early the next morning the police began a house-to-house search. At the home of David Crockett, Sr., young David's coffin lay open and innumerable sorrowing members of the family, friends, and the merely curious filed by to view the remains of the young victim of a lethal, unprovoked assault. Across town a few faithful friends called on another sorrowing woman to try to comfort *her*—Charlie's mother.

Sat. night merged grayly into Sunday

(Continued on page 48)

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THEODORE VAIL-TRANSCONTINENTAL

By SAM BLOOM

Theodore Vail (left), President of AT&T, came up with the idea of a coast-to-coast phone hook-up. Vail asked chief engineer John J. Carty (above) to develop a repeater amplifier. Carty said it couldn't be done, but did it!

THEY BUILT THE WEST

OVER A CRUDE telephone transmitter in his attic in January 1876, Alexander Graham Bell spoke to his assistant, Thomas A. Watson, who was at the receiver end, in back of the ground floor shop.

It was the beginning of the most eventful happening in history. Bell didn't dream that in a little less than half a century he would be sitting at another transmitter, at another place, talking to the same Mr. Watson, in the opening of the first trans-continental hook-up.

The mine owners out west took to the telephone like bee to honey. In no time at all the big Comstock Lode operators in Virginia City, Nevada, used it to replace signal bells.

Yet, a test had to be run of the instrument.

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HE MADE THE PHONE A REALITY!

It was from Professor Jessup's room on C Street, opposite the Savage Mines in Virginia City, that Mrs. Barretta and Miss Pierce were to play a piano duet. It was to set the wires humming all the way to the Washoe Club Rooms, a quarter of a mile away.

"I'm scared," said Mrs. Barretta, nervously, "I never did anything like this before. I know I won't be able to play a note."

"I feel the same way," cried Miss Pierce, "I hate to be made a fool of. I think it best that we leave now."

"Ladies," Jessup's brow was heavily beaded with perspiration, "you can't leave now. If you do, you will be accused to cowardice. Besides, if this test is successful, you will help to create history."

Thus stated, the women lost no time calming down. Their musical presentation went off as scheduled, floating right on down to the Washoe Club Rooms.

The *Virginia City Chronicle* reported, "Last evening, at a trial of the telephone at the Washoe Club Rooms, the piano duet of Mrs. Barretta and Miss Pierce came across plainly from over a quarter of a mile away. Mr. Ed Pierce then sang a solo. Every tone came through distinctly. After that, conversation was carried on for nearly two hours. The test was a huge success."

The first telephone operating in the west ran from the office of the Consolidated Virginia Mines to the 1,550-foot level of the tunnel. On November 15, 1877, the *Virginia*

Theodore N. Vail believed a transcontinental telephone system could become a reality. And he also knew that John J. Carty was the man who could do it. Together they linked the West to the rest of the continent via telephone

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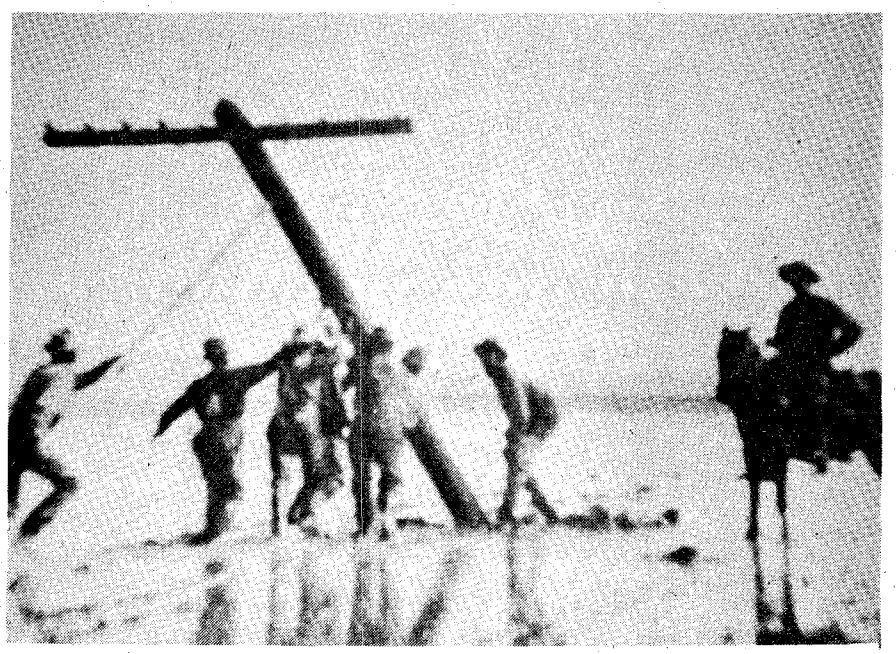
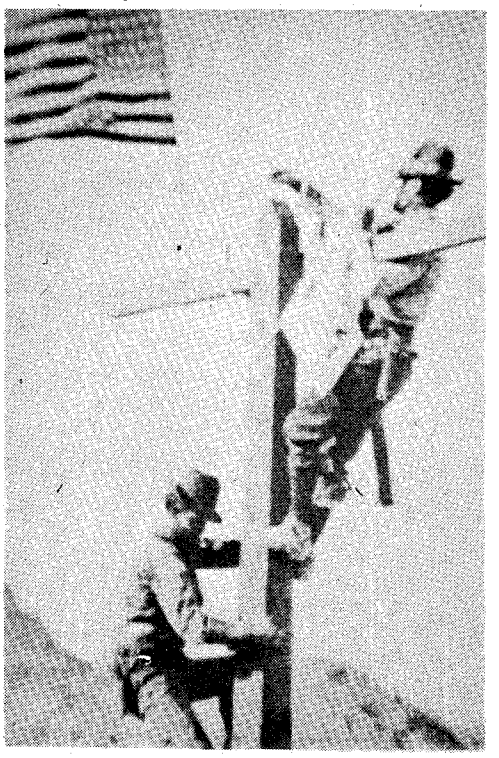
Fulfilling Vail's dream meant men had to pit speed and endurance with almost impossible conditions, facing dust storms, rain, snow, below zero weather and scorching heat. Model-T Fords were brought in for desert use (above) after the tractor broke down and the man talked of quitting. The heroic deeds of the crews included having to set up poles (below) in one of the wettest springs in Nevada's 30-year history.



The American flag is in place on the final pole at the Nevada-Utah state line, and a workman prepares to put up a flag with the transcontinental hook-up date emblazoned on it.



City Chronicle heralded the event. "The telephone was a complete success... It has created a stir among the mine operators."

Indeed, so many miners used them a switchboard was developed for local calls. While nearby Reno was still experimenting with it, Virginia City had already established the first telephone exchange in the west. Miners were rapidly using phones to replace their now outdated signal bells.

On November 21 the Virginia and Gold Hill Water Company tried something new. They talked over telegraph wires for longer distances. A telegraph wire was run from the Water company to Lake Tahoe Station, some 30 miles away. The *Chronicle* jubilantly reported, "conversations can now be carried on for great distances with perfect ease."

Too, the rich mine owners found it to their liking. Indeed, they backed it so solidly the telephone advanced in sharp spurts.

Up until 1910 records were somewhat blurred. There was no orderly direction, only chaotic patterns to satisfy individual needs. It took the president of American Telephone and Telegraph, Theodore Vail, to come up with the idea of a coast-to-coast hook-up.

The big stumbling block was to get a repeater that would give constant voice amplification for distance. He approached his friend, chief engineer John J. Carty, with the idea.

"It will take the telephone," said Vail, "out of the breast-feeding stage all the way into adulthood, in one big sweep."

"Yeah," said John, skeptically, "but how do you intend to do it? A repeater amplifier is way out. It can't be done."

"It's vital to our whole system," said Vail, his voice vibrating like a man with a vision. "If it can be done at all, you're the man to do it."

"You're crazy, Ted," said Carty,

(Continued on page 46)

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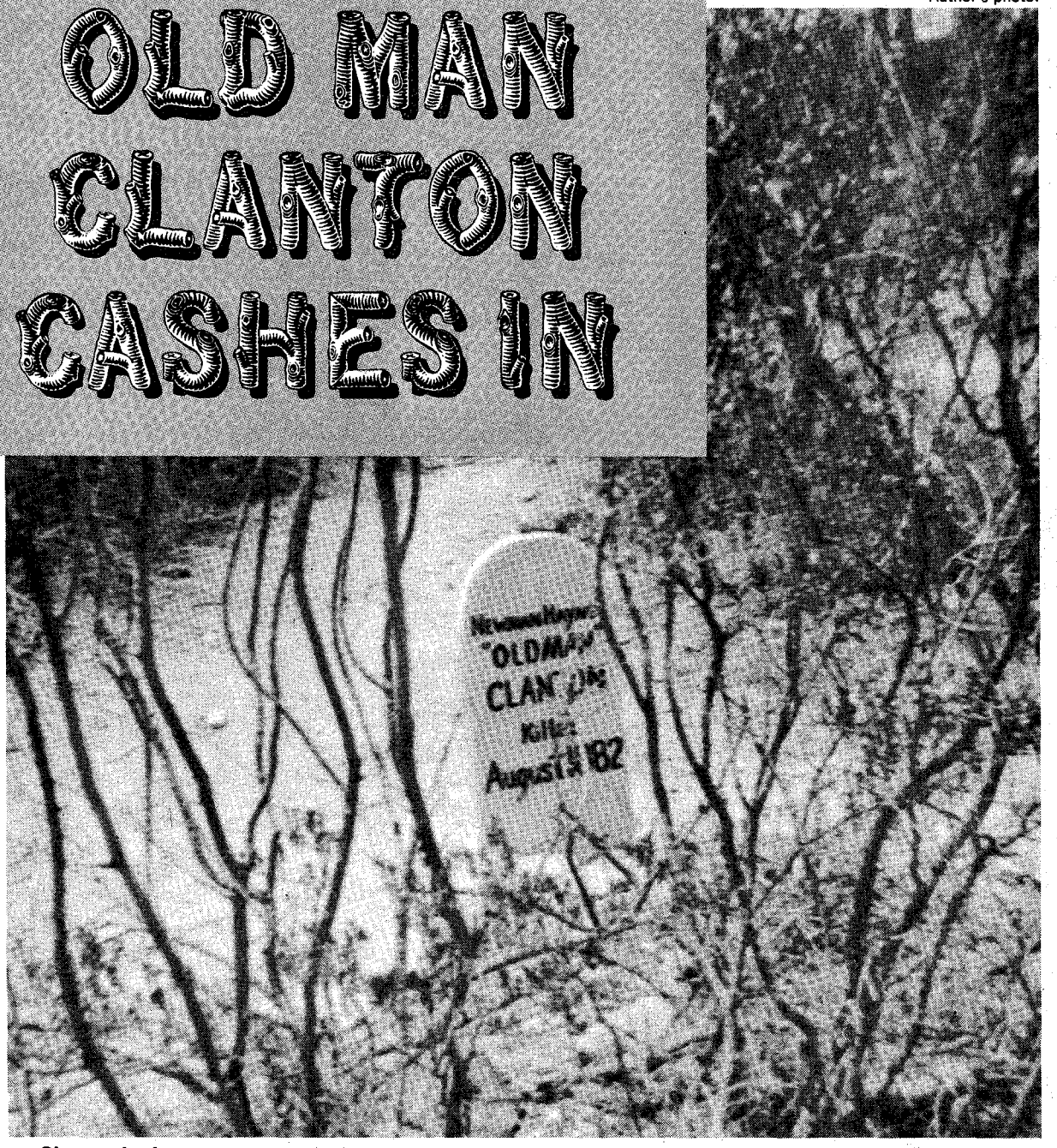
OLD MAN CLANTON CASHES IN

Author's photo.



Clanton had no compunction about dealing out death and was paid back in the same lethal coin!

Old Man Clanton was dedicated to turning a dishonest buck, and the Mexicans he was bilking got so fed up they made a corpse out of Clanton . . .

by Larry Benay

OLD MAN CLANTON, as he was always called, was really N.P. Clanton, an old he-wolf from Texas. He had quit Texas to join the gold rush to California in 1849. The gold fields failed to yield the fortune that he had anticipated, so he started to move eastward until he reached Arizona, where he took up ranching.

Mrs. Clanton had long since passed on and the old man was left with four children—Phin, Ike, Billy, and Mary. Clanton soon sold his first ranch near Fort Thomas and moved into the San Pedro Valley not far from Tombstone. There he built a thick adobe-walled ranch house on a high hill which commanded a view of the surrounding country for miles.

Old Man Clanton, his boys, and Curly Bill were the leaders of the outlaws who rustled cattle on both sides of the border. When Curly Bill had planned and executed the ambush in Skelton Canyon in July, 1880, Clanton held one of the smoking rifles that spat death at the Mexican smugglers. Only one escaped; nineteen corpses were left in the canyon for the vultures and wild animals.

Late that same year Old Man Clanton gave the San Pedro ranch to his boys and moved into the Animas Valley in New Mexico only a mile from the Mexican border.

In the summer of 1881, Curly Bill sent six of his men on a raid down into Sonora, where they stole 300 head of cattle. These

(Continued on page 42)

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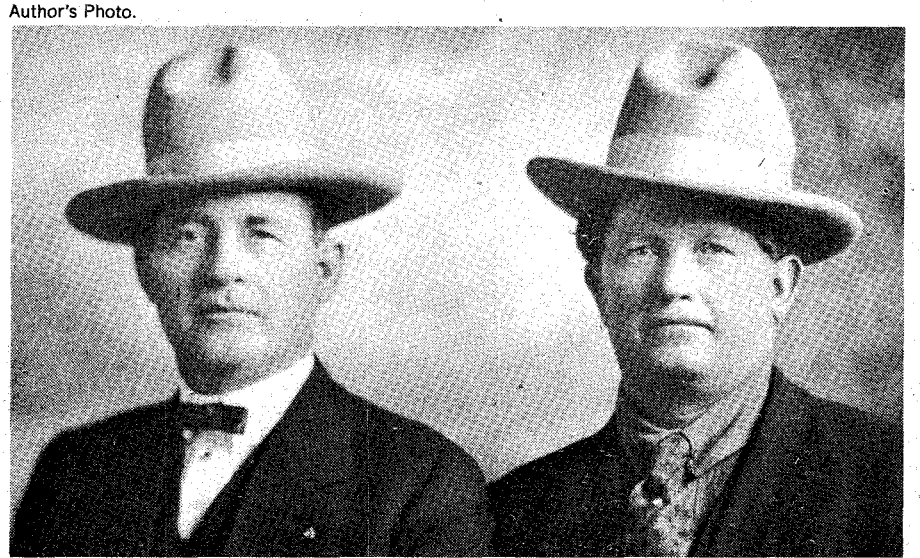
SHOOT-OUT AT THE

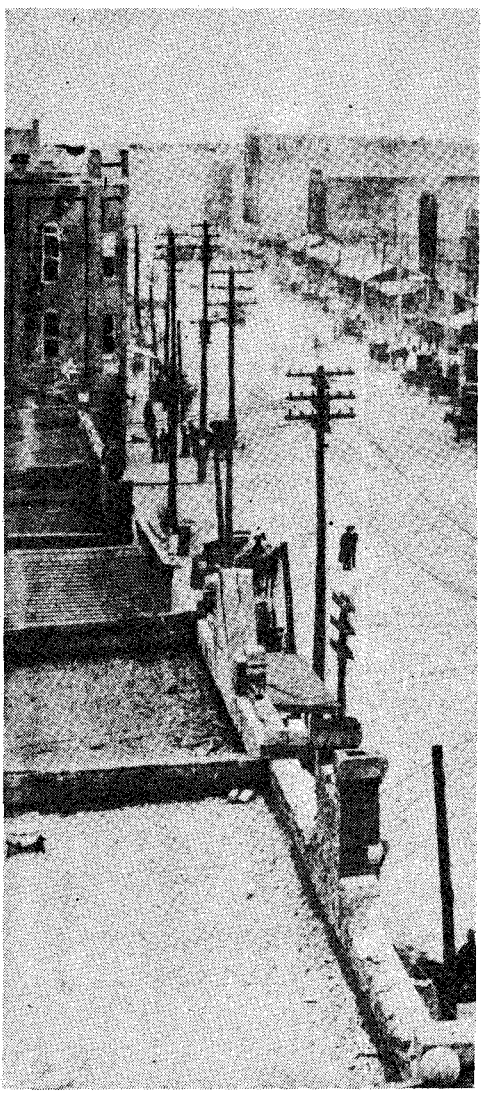
All in all, Ardmore was a surprising town. When the gamblers found out the better element planned to form a vigilante group and pay them a surprise visit, they reacted in a very unfriendly way. They fired first...

Author's Photo.



Buck Garrett and Bud Ballew; Ballew is wearing the dark shirt with the flowered tie—and the fashionable diamond stickpin.

Marshal Dow Braziel; white horse and hat enhanced lawman image.



Ardmore, Oklahoma at time of

by Louise Riotte

THE BRIGHT LIGHTS OF THE little cafe were in vivid contrast to the murky gloom of the dimly lighted streets. It was early morning in the little southern Oklahoma town of Ardmore, on that fateful day of January 19, 1919. The predawn fingers of light just barely streaked the sky.

All night long there had been noisy quarreling and fighting in the cafe and in the sheet iron building (which was a sort of lean-to) in the back. In that lean-to the gambling went on in semi-privacy. Pistol shots from time to time had punctuated the stillness of the night, livening things up but apparently harmless. All of this was nothing unusual and most of the "horsing around" was just high spirits,

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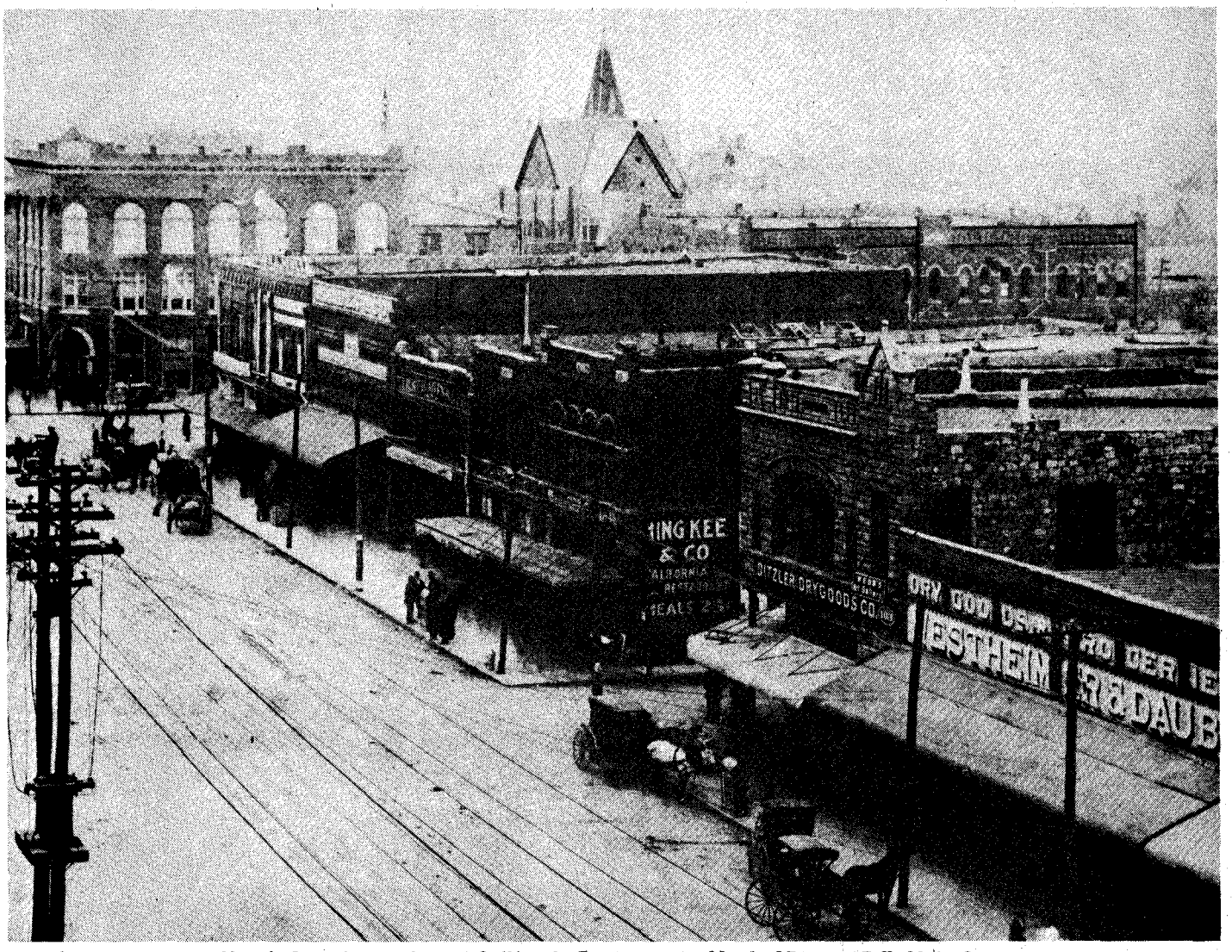
CALIFORNIA CAFE



shoot-out; under Kee & Co. sign is that of California Restaurant—Meals 25¢, at 15 E. Main St.

produced by freely imbibing bootlegged white lightning. White lightning being worked off by the gamblers, cow hands and oil field service car drivers. They were just showing off by shooting in the air.

Or were they?

Suddenly things were different. Up front, where the cafe was located, shots rang out, shattering the glass front of the building. These shots were for real! One of them struck the man who had stood in the back of the cash register, one elbow casually leaning on the bar—reading his paper, minding his own business.

According to witnesses a noise had apparently attracted his attention—or some sixth sense warned him—and he had whirled and shot almost at the same moment he was himself hit. More than likely he had been expecting something like this to happen sooner or later.

But his shot went wild. As he slumped slowly to the floor he fired again, but instead of hitting his target the bullet lodged in the wood just above the door frame. Perhaps his eyes were already dimming, his once steady hand shaking uncontrollably.

With waning strength, blood flowing freely from the bullet hole in his chest, he tried to raise up, supporting himself on his hands and knees, but his strength was ebbing fast.

As he crouched there on all fours he spoke to Les Sigler. His voice hoarse with pain, he rasped out: "He pulled a gun on me—you saw him—you know he did!"

Les Sigler, who had entered the cafe with Bud Ballew when Dow Braziel went down just stood there, making no move and saying nothing.

Braziel tried once more to get up but couldn't make it and went down, all crumpled up on the rough boards of the wooden floor, his life shattered like the broken bits of glass lying all around him. Dow Braziel, the fastest gun in southern Oklahoma, would never shoot again!

A man who worked immediately across the street and who was an eyewitness to everything that happened, long after told the following story:

"I was the night man at the Cooper No. 2 garage, located in 1919 just across the street from the California Cafe owned by the U.S. Marshal, Dow Braziel.

"All night long I had listened, as I usually did, to the crowd in the back of the cafe whooping things up. Ardmore was no powder puff affair in those days, it was an

(Continued on page 59)

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BUTCH CASSIDY DIDN'T DIE IN AN AMBUSH IN SOUTH AMERICA!

By GALE R. RHOADES

Butch Cassidy (seated) is very much alive in this 1898 photograph with Elza Leigh. Did he live past his "death" in 1909?

IN THE SPRING of 1909 the strange report filtered back into the United States from the jungles of South America. The infamous "Yanqui Bandidos"—Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—had been cut down by a barrage of gunfire by members of the Bolivian army.

A vast majority of Americans were quick to accept the story with a belief that there must be a thrilling climax to the life of every outlaw. Even the movies bought it.

But old friends in Utah were not so sure. They believed Cassidy himself had started the rumor so he could return to the States in safety under an assumed name. He had, after all, written to several of "the boys" in Robber's Roost as late as 1908 stating that he'd grown homesick for family, old friends and familiar stomping grounds; that things were getting a little too hot for him in the south, and that he would soon return. And Butch Cassidy was a man of his word.

But by 1930, when most of the "Wild Bunch" were either dead or behind bars, the rumor had become legend and historians had printed the legend. Almost overnight Arthur Chapman's writings had turned the April issue of *Elk's Magazine* into a collector's item. His version of Cassidy's dramatic last stand, above all others, was so well documented few people could tell where authenticity left off and where the legend began. And for this reason alone many old-timers were forced at last to admit to themselves that perhaps the rumors of 1909 were correct.

I never did believe the story and my reasons are obvious. Fact must take precedence over mere speculation, and the facts which are available undoubtedly prove that the alledged death of Butch Cassidy in southern Bolivia was nothing other than one of history's greatest blunders!

The plain truth is, subsequent to his spectacular career in South America, Butch Cassidy returned to the United States where he lived the rest of his natural life in a well-guarded and "silent amnesty"—content at last to let the world believe that he had indeed been killed.

This then, in part, is his story as historians *should have* recorded it.

Was Butch Cassidy really dead? In 1911, 22 months after the first rumor of Cassidy's death reached old friends in Utah, this was the question. For Cassidy had not returned, as his letters of 1908 had promised he would; he had not answered any of his letters after the alledged gun battle at San Vicente, Bolivia; and every letter addressed to him from that date on had been returned, marked 'unclaimed' to its sender. This was a matter of great concern. And many men, particularly old associates like Matt Warner and William Elsworth Leigh (Elza Lay), could not rest until they knew the facts.

It was finally agreed to send an emissary to South America to ascertain forever whether or not Cassidy was dead or alive. The funds needed for the trip were raised through a collection of $125 from each of those men interested in learning of his fate. The list of those who contributed contained many prominent names, among them Matt Warner and Elza Leigh, both reformed outlaws, Charley Gibbons, a Hanksville storeowner, and Dr. J.W.K. Bracken, a retired cattleman.

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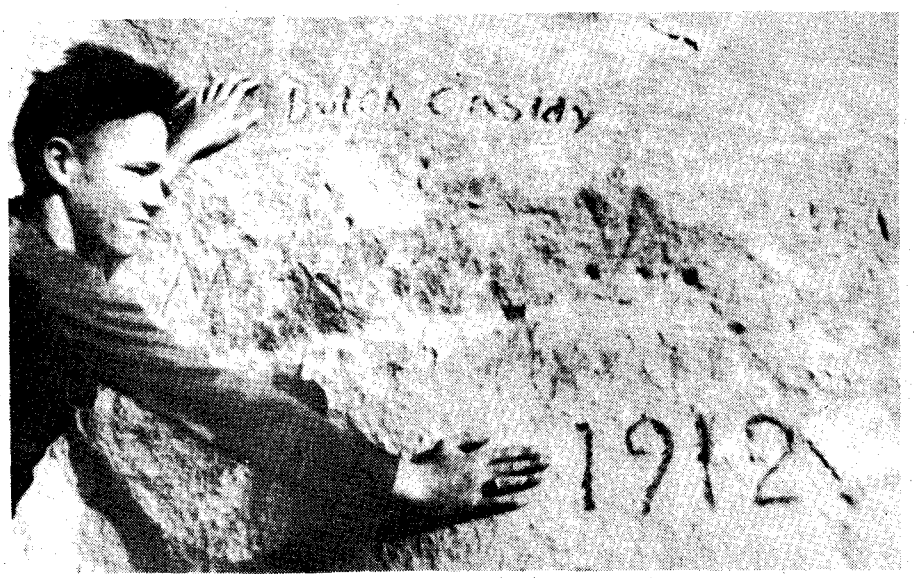
For years it has been generally accepted that Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid died under a hail of Bolivian militia bullets in South America. Well documented versions of Cassidy's last stand were published and the recent, quite successful movie also had Butch and Sundance coming to an end in Bolivia. However, it appears now that the story of Cassidy's death is wrong.



The distinguished-looking old gentleman in this 1937 photograph is none other than Butch Cassidy, according to Mrs. Mary A. Haymes of New Mexico.

A young Noel Baker points out (above) Cassidy's name and the date 1912 carved in the sloping sandstone ledge at One Mile Spring near Green River, Utah, a spot Butch visited often. Did the "dead" Cassidy carve it? Butch poses in 1901 with the Wild Bunch (right). He's seated at the far right.

From all reports, two emissaries were chosen—Joe Walker, a former outlaw believed by lawmen to have been killed in 1898, and one Billy Sattell. Together they made the trip to the alledged scene of Cassidy's last stand, interviewed surviving soldiers who had participated in the battle of San Vicente, obtained photographs taken at the time showing the two dead outlaws, and returned to Price, Utah with their evidence.

A thorough examination of the evidence was then made and the true fate of their friend was easily determined. The decision was unanimous—Butch Cassidy *was not dead!*

The man thought to be Cassidy in the photograph was, in fact, Tom Dilley, a minor outlaw from Robber's Roost who had killed a man in a Price, Utah, brawl and fled to South America in the fall of 1908. Furthermore, there seemed to be some doubt that

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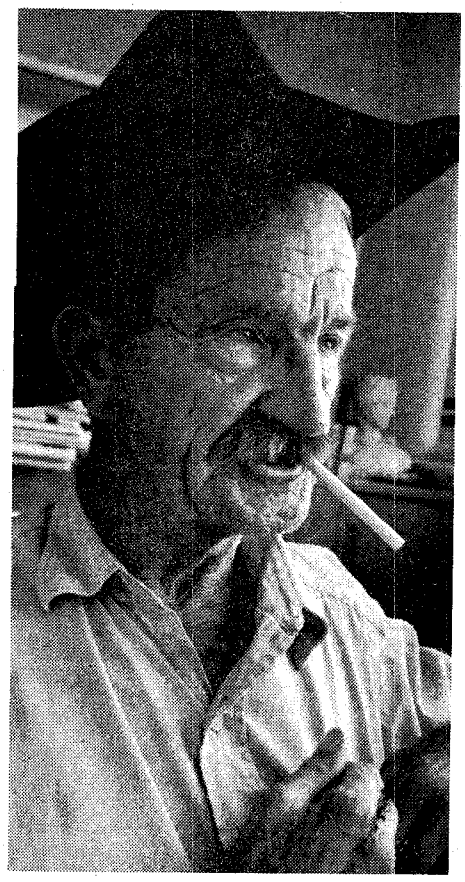

The late Harold Thayne Longabaugh (above), son of the Sundance Kid, claimed he met Butch Cassidy in 1935. "Cowboy Joe" (below), survivor of the Wild Bunch, claims he saw Cassidy six years after his "death".

Dilley's companion in that last stand was indeed the Sundance Kid. And who should know better? These men had known Cassidy, the Sundance Kid and Dilley personally. Some had even rode the outlaw trail beside them.

William Pinkerton himself openly discounted the story as just another of many rumors. His information, gleaned from the confidential section of his family's famous detective agency files, had placed Cassidy *and the Sundance Kid,* at the time of the San Vicente incident, on the southwest coast of Chile, where they were living in the wild, open country. Later, of course, when the news of their deaths subdued whatever pressure was upon the agency to hunt down and bring the two outlaws to justice, he also accepted the South American version of the rumor.

But the late Harold Thayne Longabaugh, who recently perished in the Priess Hotel fire at Missoula, Montana, also claimed that his father (Harry Longabaugh, alias, the Sundance Kid) and Butch Cassidy were nowhere near Bolivia at the time of the famous gun battle! They were in Santiago, Chile, he said, where Butch was undergoing treatment for a badly infected leg wound, the result of a scorpion bite.

When the news of their deaths was still front page headlines, Butch and the Kid, under assumed names, boarded a freighter at Valparaiso and escaped to Anchorage, Alaska. In Alaska, the Sundance Kid won a placer gold mine in a poker game and Butch became well acquainted with the famous lawman Wyatt Earp, who was then involved in a chain of legal gambling houses. In speaking of Butch later, Wyatt would say, "Outlaws are made, not born."

From the old gold mine and "other interests" the two reformed outlaws fared reasonably well. But in 1912 they sold the mining claim and returned to the United States on a whirlwind tour of the West.

Afterwards they split up for protection—Longabaugh went to California, Butch to the Pacific northwest—but they saw each other frequently at prearranged meetings. Butch worked for a time as a trapper, cowpuncher and prospector before finally settling down to a plush and mysterious job for the railroad. Longabaugh apparently lived off the loot he'd buried prior to 1909 in various localities throughout the West as well as in South America. In fact, evidence exists that both men returned to South America on more than one occasion for this purpose alone.

Mrs. Lula Parker Betenson, in her book, *MY BROTHER, BUTCH CASSIDY,* tells much the same story.

"Butch Cassidy wasn't killed by the Bolivian army," she says. "That's the story the Pinkerton Detective Agency and the Bolivian government was supposed to have given out. But everyone in the family and a few others have always known my brother was not shot down and left for dead in South America. He visited me years after his reputed death. We heard from him from time to time through the years until he died. It's my secret where he's buried.

"We never talked about my brother outside the family. We were ashamed and embarrassed about the things he did. But within the family, seems like it's all we ever talked about.

"In later years, after he was supposed to have been killed, he told the family he had the time of his life in New York City when he left the West to retire and run a ranch in South America.

"Instead of retiring," according to Mrs. Betenson, who was over 90 years old when she revealed this information, "Butch started all over again robbing banks, mines and trains.

"My brother did a lot of traveling the rest of his life under an assumed name when he came back to the United States in 1912. He worked as a trapper and as a cowboy. He spent some time in Alaska and in Europe."

Daniel Sinclair Parker, who had at one time tried to follow in the footsteps of his famous outlaw brother, had corresponded with Butch during the late '20's and early '30's.

"Uncle Dan would never admit it, of course," recalls Clifford L. McMullin, "but the whole family knew he was writing to Butch. On occasion he would mention that Butch had married and had since been working for the railroad, but he seldom carried the subject any further.

"I remember dad once telling of a time when one of Butch's letters had been left carelessly about, upon a corner top of a dresser. The name and return address then being used by Butch was clearly visible; the name being 'Roberts', the address, 'Washington'.

Joseph Claude Marsters, better known in some circles as Cowboy Joe, was well acquainted with Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, hav-

(Continued on page 50)

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A DOG CALLED PANCHO

This beloved stock dog knew how to keep away from a horse's flying hooves, or the death-laden fangs of a rattler, but apparently he had only contempt for the cutter-bar on the horse-drawn mower...

by G.K. Hawk

THE DRY LEAF buzz of a rattler came from along the cow trail ahead. Pancho stopped immediately, alert and questing. His nondescript head twisted, long ears cocked and black nose working.

Under a low sage, partially camouflaged by the light and shadow, he finally located the diamondback. Its flattened wedge of a head toward him, its forked tongue sensing his presence, it lay coiled ready to strike.

Not taking his brown eyes off the snake for an instant, Pancho advanced stealthily one slow step at a time, until both instinct and experience told him that he had reached the extreme outer limit of the rattler's striking radius.

Pancho growled deep in his chest and suddenly feinted to the right. The snake instantly lashed out and struck air. It quickly recoiled, its tail giving frenzied warning.

Pancho barked. He feinted to the left this time. Again the snake struck and again missed. Again, again and again this manuever was repeated. Pancho goading and taunting the rattler into striking, circling the sagebush barely out of reach. Each time the snake responded, striking vainly. Several times it came close, close enough to make Pancho flinch and to wet his coat with spray from its mouth.

Finally, the snake grew weary. It responded more slowly to Pancho's taunts, its strikes were fewer, its recoil less quick, its rattle stilled. Its coils convoluted as it shifted ground and tried to place the sagebush between itself and its tormentor.

The snake began to withdraw. Its coils looped on the ground as it tried to leave the trailside and seek shelter under a nearby fallen log. Pancho pressed the attack. Hopelessly and desperately the snake would strike from its partially coiled position, but each time more wearily than before.

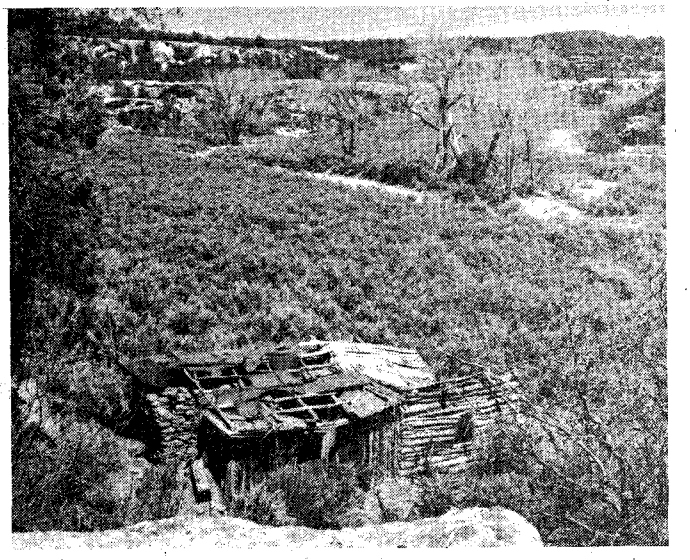
The snake was ready to quit, to declare a truce. But Pancho was not.

There came a time when the rattler was too slow striking, much too slow in its recoil. For the briefest fraction of a second its body lay limply

(Continued on page 58)

The snake-killing dog, Pancho, and a little friend.

Author's photos.



Gay family ran stock through this country 50 years ago; tottering structure (foreground) antedates Gays.

Trail to the rimrocks where Pancho was invaluable.

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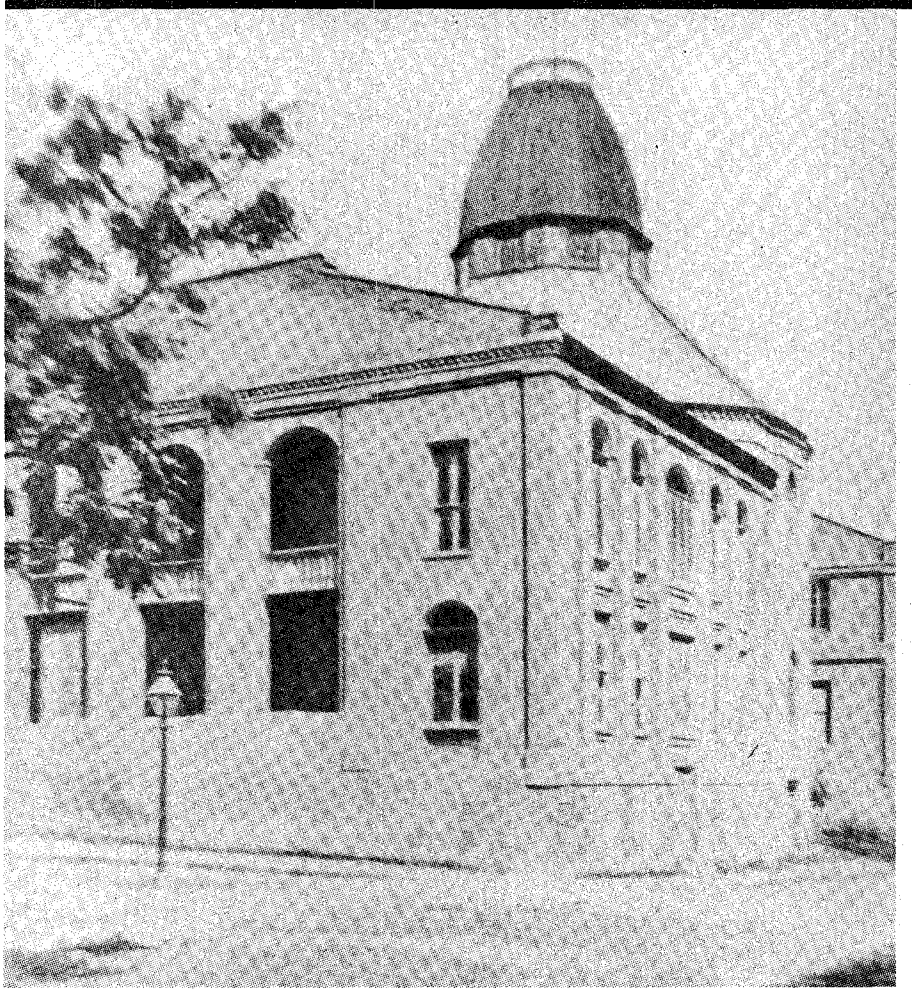
NO PRISON

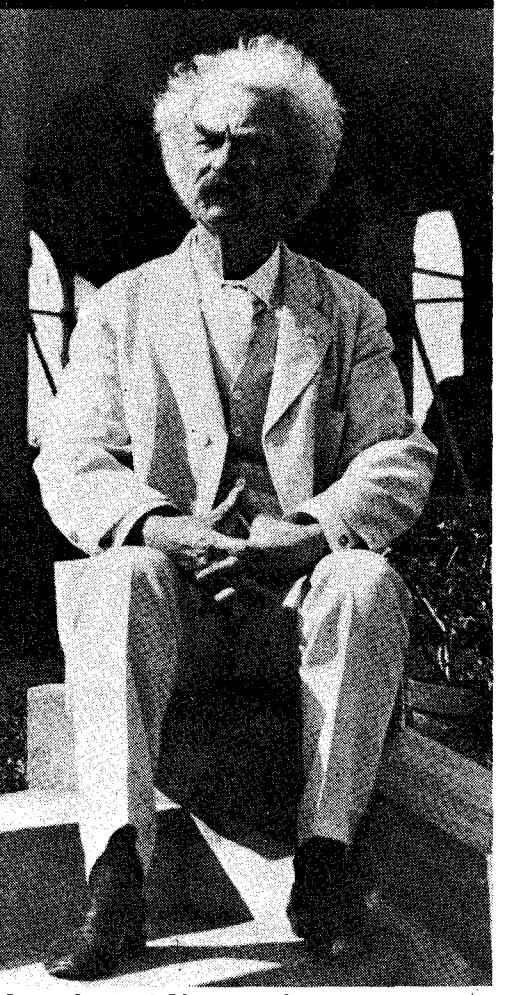
by Carl W. Breihan

Photo: Courtesy M. Brady



Gratiot Street Prison, converted from medical building, failed to hold Grimes, who managed escape with aid of women prisoners.

Photo: Courtesy Hist. Soc. of Missouri



Capt. Samuel Clemens, Grimes' river friend, had similar sympathies.

Once Grimes escaped execution within the hour because he was having severe convulsions—convulsions brought on by a little pill given him by a compassionate doctor...

HISTORY LITTLE NOTED NOR long remembered the amazing exploits of Absalom C. Grimes, one of the great heroes of the Civil War. At the height of his career this riverboat pilot, turned Confederate spy, wove in and out of Federal lines like the invisible man and escaped from the toughest of prisons.

Grimes' story is so chock full of intrigue, romance and raw courage that it makes the most imaginative fiction thriller seem as tame as Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women."

Absalom was a Mississippi River pilot in his late 20's when the Civil War swept over Missouri. One day he and another pilot, Samuel Clemens—the immortal Mark Twain—were standing on the levees at Hannibal, Missouri, minding their own business, when a squad of Federal soldiers appeared and placed them under military arrest. Quicker than you can say Robert E. Lee they were enroute to St. Louis.

In St. Louis they were marched directly from their steamer to military headquarters. The mystery of their arrest was solved when the commandant ordered them to pilot troop transports up the Mississippi River. No attention was paid to their protests that they were licensed to pilot on the Missouri River only. When the commandant was called from his office, Grimes and Clemens fled, post haste.

Arriving back in Ralls County, the two pilots showed their indignation by joining the Missouri Confederate militia. After several skirmishes with Union troops from St. Louis, Grimes, Clemens (who had become a 2nd Lieutenant, and a few others were hidden in a secluded cabin. Clemens had a severe attack of boils and was unable to move about with the alacrity and agility required of a Confederate soldier in those parts, so Absalom and the others left him, managed to locate another unit and ultimately joined General Sterling Price's army. Shortly after his recovery from the boils, Clemens left Missouri and went west in search of gold and ultimate literary fame.

At Glasgow, Grimes helped capture a steamer loaded with Federal soldiers. He ferried several thousand of his fellow mili-

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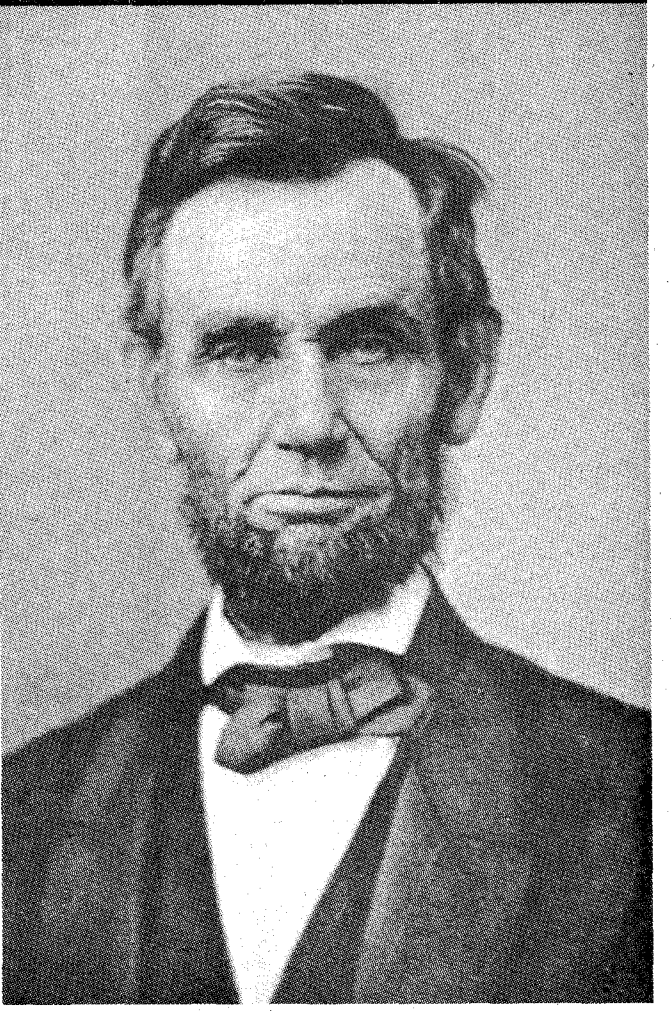
COULD HOLD HIM!

Author's Photo

Absalom Carlisle Grimes, Confederate Mail Runner.

Author's Photo



President Lincoln signed Grimes' pardon.

tia men across the river, then abandoned the steamer. He assisted the state troops in the capture of Lexington. It was during his stay in Missouri that Grimes became well acquainted with the later-to-become famous James boys and the fabulous Youngers. He also struck up a speaking acquaintance with the notoriously ruthless Quantrill.

Later Grimes was captured near Springfield. That was the beginning of his extracurricular activities that gave the Federals the screaming meemies before the War Between the States was over.

He established a secret exit from the prison and affected the escape of over 60 prisoners. A new officer took over the prison, and suspecting Grimes, haughtily invited the prisoner to pay him a visit if he could. Grimes accepted the invitation at face value. That night, dressed in a Union soldier's greatcoat and armed with a bayonet attached to a broomstick, he presented himself at the officer's quarters where a loud party was in progress. He exchanged a few greetings with the surprised officer and guests; excused himself and returned to jail!

The young ex-river captain was having the time of his life with his secret exit from the jail. One night he slipped out of his cell, forged an order and boldly obtained the release of a fellow prisoner sentenced to the firing squad!

Deciding it was time to make his own departure, Grimes and a companion again made use of the secret exit. They took two horses belonging to officers and made their way to General Price's army at Pea Ridge, Arkansas. There Grimes was wounded, captured and returned to the same jail in Springfield.

Luckily assigned to the same cell by new officers, Grimes used his still undiscovered secret passageway at will. This means of escape was a tunnel which had previously been dug by other prisoners. It ran from his cell to a seldom used section of the area outside the jail. Grimes had accidentally discovered it when he slipped and fell on the floor of the cell and dislodged the secret covering. The records further show he made a number of visits to Springfield's Confederate sympathizers, including a number of the fair ladies of the town.

Finally he was brought to St. Louis and the McDowell Medical College, by then known as the Gratiot Military Prison. A bit later this troublesome Johnny Red was sent to Alton, Illinois.

The army had then just taken over Illinois' first State Penitentiary there and converted it into a military detention barracks. Like Gratiot, the prison was rated a hell hole, and Grimes had no desire to be a prisoner there. So he bribed one of the guards on the boat taking the prisoners from St. Louis to Alton, and fled back to St. Louis.

(Continued on page 62)

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ELEGANT WAS THE WORD

Illus. Furnished by Author.

The author, a fine horsewoman, became interested in this specialized field when her own 71-year-old grandmother taught her to ride sidesaddle at age nine...

by Ann Hall

Author Ann Hall modeling 1880 2-piece dress, laced up shoes, riding 1868 tapestry side-saddle.

WITH THE WESTWARD PUSH of settler migrants during the mid-Nineteenth Century, well-to-do women took along to their new homes in the wilderness their very own prized possession and fashion—the sidesaddle. (No man would be caught dead riding one.) But for the woman of that era who could spare from five dollars to thirty, depending upon the style, and how fancy was the tooled leather or tapestry covering for the sidesaddle tree the saddlemaker built for her.

It was the distaff mode of horseback travel that enabled her to ride instead of walking to visit neighbors (if she had any nearby), and perhaps the trading post many miles away. While the lady probably did have a wagon and team, and perhaps even a buggy, roads were vile in the western country and the average pioneer housewife largely just stayed put—or placed a saddle on the most compliant horse around.

There were many female riders who observed the mores of the times—and looked utterly charming on horseback, even if they were less comfortable on their perches than they might have been.

Sidesaddle riding spans about five centuries, from the first crude Planchette of the Fourteenth Century up to 1912, when most American saddlemakers stopped making them. And the women decided to discard the sideways fashion of horseback riding, and return to the astride method of their men.

There are still a few women in the United States, Europe, and Mexico who ride sidesaddle in circuses, formal horse shows, the elite hunts and other rather rare outdoor galas. But the era of the sidesaddle that great grandma rode has about reached the end of its usefulness.

Up until the Fourteenth Century women usually rode astride, just like the men. Old paintings, tapestries, and illuminated manuscripts show the maidens of old dressed in flowing skirts, their feet encased in slipper stirrups, astride prancing and running horses.

Beginning with the Fourteenth Century women began to eschew the male type "seat." She began to follow the "fashion" of riding sideways. Always when thus ensconced on the equine she sat on the right or off-side of the horse, with her left arm and shoulder towards the horse's neck. This mode of sidesaddle riding was practiced up until the time of Henry VIII. Henry's two energetic daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, who afterwards in turn became Queens, are represented on their great seals as riding on the left side of the horse on formal and ceremonial occasions, on a saddle that was equipped with a quaint little step suspended by metal or leather straps. This new invention was called a Planchette.

During the centuries up until the Nineteenth, sidesaddles were modified from the crude Planchette to those which were used by great grandma during the Nineteenth and early Twentieth Century.

By the Sixteenth Century, the sidesaddle had been improved with a second horn, thanks to the Italian beauty, Catherine de Medici, whose father-in-law was Francis I, King of France (1515-1547), and who was herself to become a queen. Her love of horses and hunting led to her design of the second horn (pummel). Between the original pommel and the added one she could place her right leg, and secure a more safe seat and balance in the saddle, preventing many of the spills from the insecure Planchette.

However, the French historian Brantome uncharitably thought she was motivated by self-vanity, in order to show her legs off in the ornately decorated stockings that were becoming the height of fashion!

In 1830 a French riding master, Jules Charles Pellier, designed for the horsewoman a third horn—the leaping-head, or hunting-horn—which gave a more secure seat in the saddle. In a matter of twenty-five years, the three-pommel or horn sidesaddle was to be found almost everywhere that women rode, except for the native American Indian women who designed their own cross seat saddles, and rode astride.

The English, also, rejected the idea of the third horn. They claimed that it was too dangerous, and that women could be hung up in the third horn in case of a spill. Nevertheless, by 1860, women in the British Isles had not only adopted the improvement, but the sidesaddle became known as the "English" sidesaddle!

In the early days in the United States, women rode sideways on a pillion behind a man rider. But a quarter of a century of

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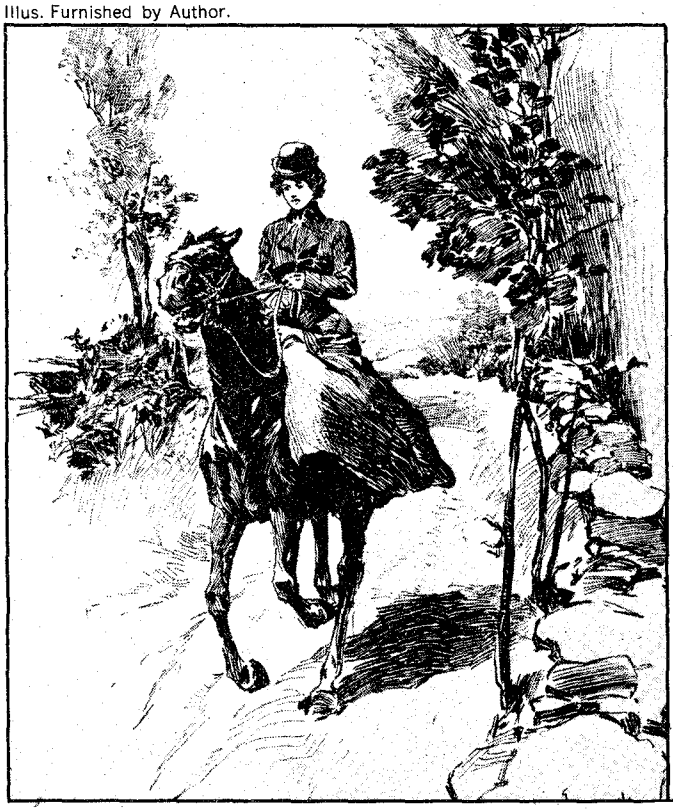
FOR GREAT-GRANDMA

Illus. Furnished by Author.



A dashing young rider on a galloping horse makes a pretty picture, although graceful skirt was doomed to go.

Illus. Furnished by Author.

These two illustrations were made from "life" to emphasize the value of vigorous exercise to health.

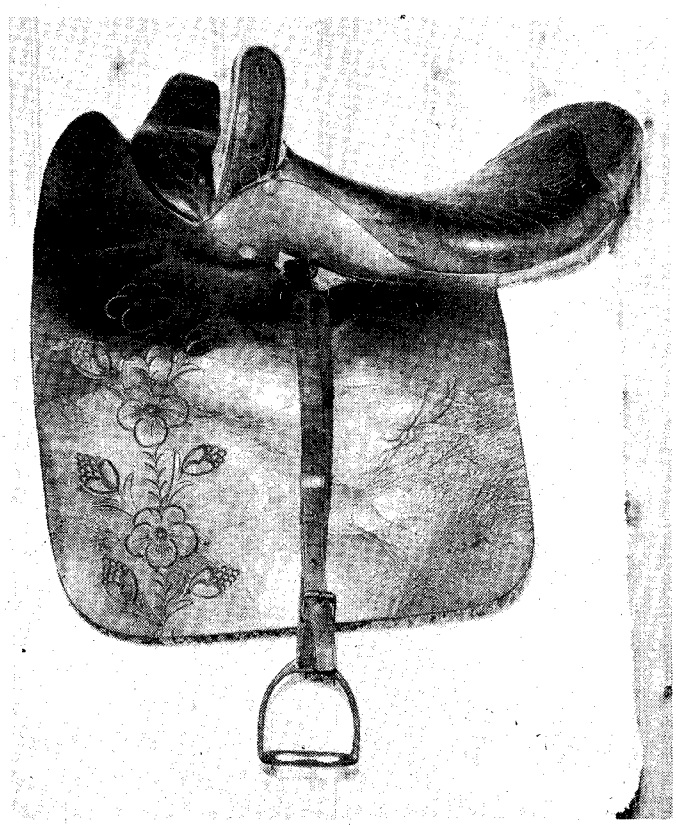
riding double on one horse convinced American women riders to discard the "pillion" vogue of riding, and learn to ride the sidesaddle that was either imported from Europe or built by American saddlemakers in the United States.

The tree of the sidesaddle made in America was usually from ash, hickory, oak or black locust, woods which were known not to split or break. Strips of thin iron reinforced the pommel, the second horn and the cantle. These iron strips were riveted into the wood frame, and the padding of the bars was tacked onto the tree.

During the late 1700's, the most basic progress in the manufacture of the sidesaddle was made. This was the period when the front of the saddle was first cut back to relieve pressure and excessive rubbing of the horse's withers. Up until this time, from 1589 to the late 1700's, the saddle had a flat seat for the rider's comfort, but the bars were so widespread and long that they caused much injury to the horse. Yet, many American saddlemakers continued to make these torturous long, wide-bar sidesaddle trees, using a heavy padded underskirt to encase the bars and the entire saddle tree up until the late Nineteenth Century.

Many of the early Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century sidesaddles were equipped with both a crupper and breast collar in an effort to help keep them in place on the horse's back, and to prevent shifting. Many American saddlemakers added a cantle skirt, and an iron hook for the lady's pocketbook or handbag. Some time later saddlebags were added for the rider's convenience.

About 1800 saddlemakers came up with still another method to keep the sidesaddle from sliding all over the horse's back, without the excessive tight girthing. *(Continued on page 50)*



Finely embossed floral design graces lady's saddle.

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SKUNKS AND WILD HORSES

(Continued from page 19)

rock retaining wall. There wasn't enough fill-in dirt, so Nellie grandly told him: "Fill it up with anything you can get in there—that old junk out yonder is all right."

That is why, beneath the bulk of the rock wall today, lies a small fortune in horse-drawn machinery.

Bert, as had his father before him, served on the Owl Creek School Board for 25 years, and was a member of the Newell 100 F Lodge for 28 years. He was a sometimes reluctant deacon in the Vale Congregational Church. But the closest *he* ever came to undertaking was at the wakes of friends, neighbors, and relatives.

His most joyous times were spent at reunions of cowboys and ranchmen he'd known and worked with, and with his two grandchildren whom he shamelessly spoiled.

Such was Bert's keen business sense that, although he was never graduated from grade school, a local newspaper saw fit to write a feature story about his building a $400 bank account into a $20,000 investment, debt free, and all from 80 acres of soil, during the depression years of the 30's. Overnight he became an embarrassed, impromptu business manager for nice little widows whose husbands had died and left them with sizable ranch property to manage. Some of them couldn't even balance a check book, much less run a farm. They trusted him.

Finally, Bert died in July, 1949; he had been ill for a year.

Nellie continued living, alone, on Cloverleaf Farm until 1965, when she died of natural causes. In her married life of over half a century—besides picking up rocks everywhere—she pieced on a treadle sewing machine and tied, by hand, over 70 quilts, giving them away to relatives, friends, and charity.

The handy lady who had once helped to break wild horses could and did trap skunks as well as a man, even in her 80's. Cloverleaf Farm, close to the Belle Fourche River, abounded with small wild life. Skunks had a special yen for Nellie's yard, particularly in the late summer, for she'd set out Compass plums, grapes, and Delicious apple trees. Ripe fruit dropped to the ground, especially the plums, during the night, and skunks passed the word. They worked the circuit through October, ending with the apples, (with Nellie charging after them, a gun in one hand and her sunbonnet in the other). In later life she always wore her bonnet outdoors.

How I got to know so much about these dear people was by being born. You see Bert and Nellie Jenks were my paternal grandparents. ●

OLD MAN CLANTON CASHES IN

(Continued from page 31)

raiders were Alex Arnett, Jake Gauze, Milt Hicks, Bud Snow, John McGill, and Jack McKenzie. They stampeded the stolen herd through San Luis Pass, then let them slow and graze in the Animas Valley. Curly Bill and the rest of the gang waited at Roofless Dobe ranch a few miles away.

Five of the rustlers went to report to Curly Bill, leaving Milt Hicks to guard the cattle and act as lookout from the Cloverdale ranch. The others had scarcely departed when Hicks saw a suspicious dust cloud. As it drew closer he could make out 30 hard-riding Mexicans. Catching his horse Hicks lit out for Roofless Dobe and the rest of the gang.

The riders that Hicks had seen were vaqueros who had been trailing the stolen herd for two days. They found their cattle grazing in the valley and no outlaws were to be seen. They rounded up the cattle and started driving them toward the pass. When they passed the Double Dobe ranch they added 200 more beeves to their original 300.

When Hicks brought the word of the Mexican riders to Roofless Dobe, Curly Bill and the gang rode out in pursuit of the cattle. Although the Mexicans had 30 men and Curly Bill only 15, no time could be lost or the herd would be back in Mexico. Since the cattle had to be driven back through San Luis Pass Curly Bill headed directly there.

The Mexicans sent four men ahead to drive the herd through the pass while the remainder of their force prepared to fight a rear guard action. They greatly underestimated their adversary, for Curly Bill led his men and plunging horses in a reckless charge straight into the Mexicans.

This unexpected charge threw them into such a panic that they broke apart and the straight shooting outlaws began to empty saddles all around them. Finally the Mexicans turned and fled, the outlaws hard on their heels. A running battle developed which continued for several miles, or until all the Mexicans were chased into the hills.

Then, at their leisure, the outlaws gathered the cattle and drove them back into the Animas Valley. On this return trip Curly Bill methodically shot all the wounded Mexicans. The results of the battle were 14 dead Mexicans and 3 slightly wounded outlaws.

Ringo, Tall Bill, Joe Hill, Charlie Greene, Charlie Thomas, John Greene, Jim Crane, Harry Head, Billy Land, and Curly Bill were the members of the gang who joined the original six raiders at Roofless Dobe.

The 300 stolen Mexican cattle were sold to Old Man Clanton at $15 a head. However, this supposed quick profit was to bring him much grief.

Thus far Curly Bill's gang had killed 33 Mexicans along the border: (19 in the smuggler's train and 14 in the cattle raid), and had not lost a man. The Mexicans were eager for revenge and posted lookouts on the peaks to watch for their best opportunity.

Old Man Clanton fattened the cattle for a few days then lined them out for market in Tombstone. Riding along with him on the drive were Bud Snow, Dick Gray, Billy Lang, Harry Ernshaw, and Jim Crane.

The plan was for the drive to go from Clanton's ranch through Guadalupe Canyon into the San Bernardino Valley, up to the Sulphur Springs Valley, and around the Dragoons to Tombstone. Camp was made in Guadalupe Canyon the first night of the drive.

Just as the sky lightened with the coming of dawn Ernshaw, who was on night herd, noted that all sound had ceased, even the coyotes' howling. He dismounted and climbed a ridge in order that he might have a better look. Even the cattle had stopped moving about and stood facing the camp. Ernshaw could see nothing amiss.

Then, without warning, the roar of rifles broke the silence of the canyon. Gray and Crane were cut down as they leaped from their bedrolls. Bud Snow raised up in his blankets than sank back dead as half a dozen bullets hit him. Old Man Clanton leaped up, rifle in hand, but before he could take two steps, the ambushers riddled him with heavy slugs. He died with his face in the dirt of the canyon. Only Billy Lang made it from his bed to the rocks, but even that only delayed the inevitable. The Mexicans worked their way around behind him and shot him down.

With the crack of the first shot the herd stampeded, Ernshaw's horse along with them. Realizing that to fight was hopeless the lone survivor dived into a clump of brush and lay still. The Mexicans overlooked him in their excitement at rounding up their cattle. Their lookouts had told them the route of the herd and they had their revenge and the cattle.

Once the jubilant Mexicans had departed, Ernshaw began walking, arriving at the Cloverdale ranch in the Animas Valley the next day. When he told his story, 30 cowboys rode out from Cloverdale and Galeyville to recover the bodies.

The dead men were taken back into the Animas Valley and buried in rock heaped graves on the Cloverdale ranch. At a later date the Clanton boys took the body of Old Man Clanton to Tombstone, where it was interred in Boot Hill. ●

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THOSE TERRITORIAL GOVERNORS!

(Continued from page 15)

most unbelievable foresight, directed itself to the future by setting up a special kind of colonial or territorial government, based on the same Bill of Rights that governed the established part of the United States. The law dealt specifically with property rights, government set-up, and civil liberties. It even specified qualifications which could lead to statehood, if a territory complied with them, and was voted entry into the Union.

Some people said it would never work.

While certain details of the original law changed with time and practical experience, the basic philosophy behind the Northwest Ordinance remained the same. In time, territory after territory was adopted into the Union, proving the great wisdom of this unprecedented system based on common interest and good sense.

As determined in the Northwest Ordinance, all territorial governors were chosen by Congress. In practical application, this changed to selection by the President with congressional approval. The President also appointed a secretary and three judges for each territory. Both the governor and the secretary reported directly to the President or to Congress—not to each other. This was a realistic arrangement designed to keep everybody honest. In addition, each territory elected its own legislature of one or two houses.

The governor and secretary generally were appointed for 4-year terms, but judges served on good behavior. The governor had veto power over the legislature, and had to sign every law to make it legal. But the legislature had to be persuaded to ratify his appointments, so their relationship was a two-way street. The secretary's job was to keep all territorial records, and advise Congress of legislative action.

It is hard to imagine now how a territorial governor's job in the early West "worked." Understandably, some of these positions were hard to fill. There were cases of appointees declining them even after Senate confirmation. Many more candidates stayed on the job very briefly, perhaps only a few months, and then returned to the comparatively comfortable living of the East.

Some prospective governors shuddered at the thought of Indians, cattle wars, primitive living conditions and lawlessness, and resisted being sent into what they considered a kind of hopeless exile. That's how it happened that in the five years between 1861-66, Dakota Territory had four different governors, while between 1863-66, Idaho Territory had three.

Some territories had many governors and long territorial histories. For example, 16 different governors served Utah during the long fight for statehood. It took 43 years, but in the end the Mormon leadership gave in on the issue of polygamy, and Utah was admitted to the Union in 1893. Other territories, such as Arizona, took even longer to achieve statehood.

But Nevada, remarkably, had only one territorial governor, James Nye, who served a single three-year term, the reason being that it all happened during the Civil War, when the Union desperately needed Comstock silver to pay its staggering expenses. In 1861, the Territory of Nevada was established, and it was rushed to statehood in 1864, still a sparsely settled desert country, but fabulously rich in mineral wealth.

Fortunately for history, one of the world's readiest wits was on hand to record the Territory's beginnings. Samuel Clemens arrived in Nevada with his brother Orion, who had been appointed Secretary by President Lincoln. It wasn't long before Sam found his own kind of work as a reporter on the Territorial *Enterprise*, and it was in Nevada that he adopted the now famous name of Mark Twain.

The great humorist was on friendly terms with Governor Nye, whom he described as "an old and seasoned politician from New York." Nye apparently had the knack of getting along with people, because he good-naturedly warded off numerous pranks of practical jokers who tried to make him the butt of their jokes. On one occasion they invited Nye to a sumptuous banquet of pickled-oyster stew and champagne, and the Governor asked Twain to come along. But Nye knew what was going on.

He told Twain, "Their idea is to get me drunk and leave me under the table, and from their standpoint this will be very funny. But they don't know me. I am familiar with champagne and have no prejudices against it."

Before the evening was over all the conspirators had passed out—but not the Governor, though Mark Twain reported that "he was so full that he couldn't laugh without shedding champagne tears." He was still holding his own, and at the end of the evening he wanted just one more little howl.

"This is a dry place, Sam," he said, "let's go and get something to drink and go to bed."

Nye went on to become one of Nevada's first U.S. Senators, and Mark Twain drifted further west, on the way to fame. He left us this terse observation of American territorial government:

"There is something solemnly funny about the struggles of a new-born Territorial government to get a start in the world."

In Wyoming Territory, when cattlemen began to feel the pinch of a dropping cattle market and heavy storm losses, there was serious trouble between the big ranchers and those with smaller holdings. Farms springing up in what had been open range complicated the matter, and there was certainly the reality of large-scale rustling. The whole nasty situation resulted in the Johnson County War, and there was a fast exchange of governors—four changes of administration in four years. Two of the governors, George Baxter and Thomas Moonlight, were accused of everything from illegally fencing in government land to acting like hirelings "...sent out by a Turkish sultan to rule one of his provinces with an iron hand."

A long time passed before the ruffled feathers in Wyoming were smooth again.

In a new country, conflicts naturally result from the ambitions of different kinds of men—the builders and the takers. So it was really human nature that caused most of the clashes on the rocky road to statehood in our western lands. It was natural that a governor should be blamed for whatever went wrong, at least by some people, and it was impossible for any governor to stay out of the troubles of his territory.

Typical were the experiences of William Gilpin, the first territorial governor of Colorado, appointed in the ominous year of 1861. President Lincoln's instructions to him were clear: He was to save Colorado for the Union, no matter what.

Gilpin, who was a polished Philadelphian with an English education, and something of a dreamer, found some pretty down-to-earth problems waiting for him in the Colorado Rockies. Indians—Cheyenne and Arapahoe—were attacking settlements with terrifying ferocity. And what was worse, Confederate insurgents swarming over the Kansas border threatened open rebellion.

But Gilpin, who had joined one of Fremont's expeditions and fought in the Mexican War, was no weakling. He immediately recruited a regiment of volunteers and supplied them by using U.S. Treasury drafts, without troubling to wait for authorization from Washington. Although his bold actions may have saved a desperate situation, and the drafts were honored, the whole affair eventually cost him his job.

Governor Sidney Edgerton of Montana was faced with one of those paralyzing situations which result from a matter of conscience. A Confederate sympathizer in the territorial legislature refused to take an oath of allegiance to the United States, and the Governor's reaction was to freeze the salaries of all the legislators until the dissident was compelled to take the oath or be thrown out. The governor also told the lawmakers not to bother call-

(Continued on page 44)

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THOSE TERRITORIAL GOVERNORS!

(Continued from page 43)

ing on him again until they had settled the matter. (Now, how did he manage so neatly to get out from under?)

There was plenty of heated oratory, but when it was all over the loyal Confederate had left the assembly—and that was that.

But few governors were unlucky enough to get agonizingly stuck in a nest of rattlesnakes like the mess that was waiting for Andrew Reeder, the first territorial governor of Kansas. Appointed by President Franklin Pierce in 1854, Reeder was an attorney from Pennsylvania with little previous administrative or political experience. But he was enthusiastic about making a permanent home in Kansas, and invested heavily in real estate there. Reeder took the job for $2,500 a year. Had he had some prescience of what it involved, he probably wouldn't have taken it for five times that amount.

Even in its territorial infancy Kansas was rocked by pro- and anti-slave actions and reactions. Insurgents fought the peaceful settlement of the area, and the settlers fought back. It was impossible not to take a stand.

During the wild election for the first territorial legislature, swarms of out-of-state partisans, mostly pro-slave, poured over the borders and stuffed ballot boxes with illegal votes. As a result, many individual elections were contested, and Reeder saw to it that quite a few were invalidated. The militant pro-slavers were furious, and when later election results produced a heavily pro-slave legislature, they set about trying to have Reeder recalled. Rumors were started about a conflict of interest resulting from the Governor's real estate investments. Complaints flew to Washington so thick and fast that Pierce asked for Reeder's resignation.

The Governor at first refused to leave office, saying he wanted one more chance to solve the problem, but it was not to be! Soon afterward Pierce dismissed him, and Andrew Reeder was forced to leave Kansas to her fate, after just one stormy year as territorial governor.

But Reeder's blood was up. He felt that he had taken on a difficult job in good faith and had done his best to protect the rights of the citizens of Kansas. For that he was being turned out of office, leaving Kansas to the wolves.

So, despite his removal as governor, Andrew Reeder stayed in Kansas. The following October he ran for territorial delegate to Congress on the free-state ticket, and polled a few more votes than the pro-slave candidate. This election was thrown out by a special congressional committee.

Meanwhile, Reeder had been subpoenaed by a pro-slave grand jury in Kansas. He refused to appear and, incredibly, he was indicted for treason, along with other free state leaders. The former governor escaped arrest by hiding out in a friend's home in Lawrence until nightfall, and traveling in the dark toward Kansas City. He hid there for almost two weeks, then drifted out of town on a steamer, dressed as a woodcutter and carrying an ax.

Finally, Reeder made his way to the comparative safety of Illinois, where he was cheered and offered protection in every town he passed through.

Andrew Reeder was physically unable to accept the appointment President Lincoln offered him, that of Brigadier-General in the Union Army.

Many governors were not residents of the territories they served. In fact, some of them apparently made a career of this line of work, going from one territory to another whenever and wherever they could get an appointment. These people perhaps viewed territorial administration as a kind of professional civil service, and with some justification. John Philo Hoyt served at various times as governor of Arizona Territory, secretary of the same, governor of Idaho Territory, and a judge in Washington Territory. James Doty filled high offices in the Territories of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Utah, and William Henson Wallace, an uncle of Lew Wallace's, was governor of both Idaho Territory and Washington Territory at different times.

Marsh Giddings was appointed governor of New Mexico Territory in 1871, following a job as Consul General to Calcutta. In some ways, New Mexico must have seemed no less remote in those days.

Other governors served in all sorts of official capacities during their careers, from superintendent of Indian affairs to tax collector, but one fascinating appointment was that of James M. Ashley as governor of Montana Territory. Ashley, who actually named Montana Territory and introduced the bill which brought it into existence, had a chance to prove out some of his pet theories, as he had been Chairman of the House Committee on Territories for eight years. As it turned out, he was only on the job in Montana for eight months when he was removed by President Grant in a storm of political controversy. The next governor served for more than 12 years!

Lew Wallace, a native of Indiana, took the job as governor of New Mexico Territory at $2,600 a year, in preference to a post as minister to Bolivia for almost twice as much. He said that he wanted to see the country and get away from a dull law practice. (He really did not care for the practice of Law.)

Things out West were certain to be lively enough. Arriving in Santa Fe even before the Senate had confirmed his nomination, the new governor found himself in the middle of a full-scale war. In the three days before he took office there were four violent deaths!

Wallace had his hands full throughout his term, with Indian raids by Victorio's band, and the Lincoln County War. He once ruefully described the frustrations of his office by saying that the only thing a governor could really do was to tally sheep and people for the annual report.

It was during Wallace's administration that Billy the Kid was finally taken by Sheriff Pat Garrett, in the only way that prevented the gunslinger from killing more people. During his last escape, Billy had killed two guards, but he summoned up enough nerve to write a letter to Wallace, asking for another pardon. He didn't get it. Ironically, without knowing that justice had already caught up with the outlaw, Governor Wallace signed Billy's death warrant for murder two days after he had been shot.

There were some governors who actually were residents of the territories they served before they took office. One such was a former U.S. Senator from Kansas, with a personal history as colorful and unusual as the Territory of New Mexico, which he served from 1885-'89. His name was Edmund Gibson Ross, and he was the man who cast the deciding vote in the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson. His vote saved Johnson from being removed from office, and while it was a courageous and patriotic action, it brought great trouble to Ross. Repudiated by his party and scorned by his neighbors in Kansas, he arrived in New Mexico in 1882—to begin again. Ross came to love the big beautiful western territory, and was appointed its governor by President Grover Cleveland.

Of course, most of the territorial appointments were political rewards, but sometimes they were bestowed in gratitude or to help a distinguished citizen in his declining years. Such was the appointment of John C. Fremont, the famous "Pathfinder" of the West, who was aging and almost destitute when President Hayes appointed him governor of Arizona Territory in 1878. He stayed through Hayes' retirement from office in 1881, President Garfield's tragic death, and part of President Arthur's term, and in 1883, the old soldier and statesman resigned. He then returned east to join his wife, Jessie Benton Fremont, who had found life in Arizona too strenuous.

A territorial governor's job was not necessarily the end of the line—it could be a big step forward in a promising political

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career. Andrew Jackson served briefly as military governor of the Territory of Florida, and the first governor of the Territory of Indiana was a young man named William Henry Harrison, who had already made quite a name for himself as a soldier. Harrison had been appointed secretary of the Northwest Territory in 1797, and when it was renamed Indiana in 1801, he was put in charge. He served in this capacity for 11 years, and the job included a military command against the Indians.

It was during his administration, in 1811, that Governor Harrison led the settlers in a pitched battle against the great Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, and a powerful confederation of Indians. This famous battle took place at a spot called Tippecanoe, which provided Harrison with a popular nickname and great fame as a warrior, two outstanding advantages that eventually helped him win the presidency in 1840.

While it must have been difficult to find the right man to head certain territories, sometimes the choice was pretty obvious. For instance, there wasn't much discussion about who would be the first territorial governor of Utah in 1850. The great Mormon leader, Brigham Young, served as governor until 1857. Even after he left this official position, he continued to be the recognized leader of the territory.

Another famous governor was William Clark, half of the fabled team of Lewis and Clark. After his exciting travels in the Northwest were over, Clark served as chief of the Territory of Missouri from 1813-20, retiring just one year before its admission as a state.

However, most territorial governors were not famous men, and quite a few were pretty much unknown to the public when they were appointed. In addition, there were some who were not famous for their honesty, and there were political hacks and a few scoundrels, to boot. But there were also pioneers, soldiers, doctors, attorneys, and businessmen. Several were distinguished writers.

Besides Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*, and his many other stories, Edmund Ross wrote numerous articles and authored a book that is still considered the standard work on the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. Governor Gilpin of Colorado was a talented author and skilled mapmaker as well, and Fremont's books, guides to the new western country, were best sellers in their time.

Other territorial governors boasted other accomplishments, and they brought a wide range of experience to their jobs. Good and bad, they were interesting men. Their hopes and prejudices, their failures and their achievements all add substantially to the vivid, colorful history of our territorial West. ●

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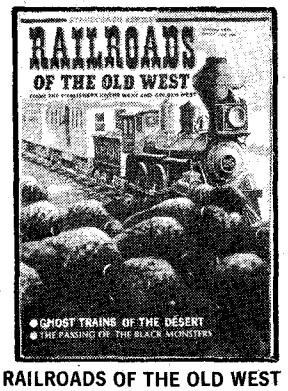

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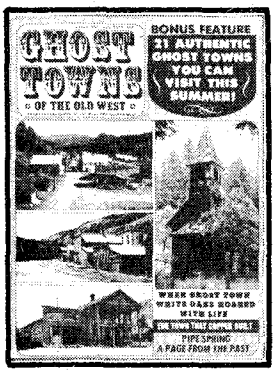

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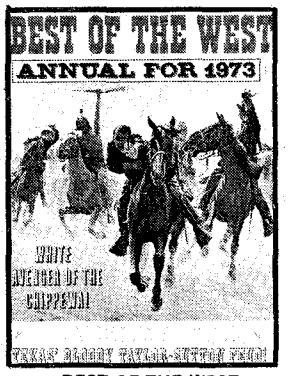

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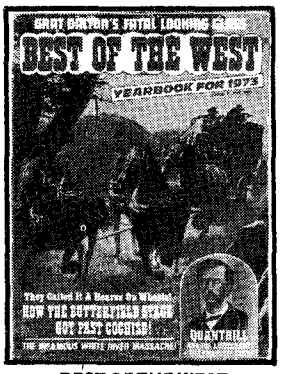

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THEODORE VAIL

(Continued from page 30)

"you're only gonna make a fool of yourself."

"I'll take my chances. I just know it could be done. I want you to start on it right away."

Carty and his special group of scientists worked hard in their laboratory. But, mostly, all experiments came to a dead end. After many months and yet no nearer to a solution Carty was disgusted enough to call the whole thing off. He cornered Vail.

"Ted," he said, "you'd better forget this crazy scheme of yours. It won't work."

But Vail persuaded him to stick with it a little longer. "I know you're going to hit it one of these days."

Carty went back to his laboratory and many more frustrating months. But then it suddenly happened. He developed a repeater from a vacuum tube! This was the only amplifier to make coast-to-coast telephone calls possible.

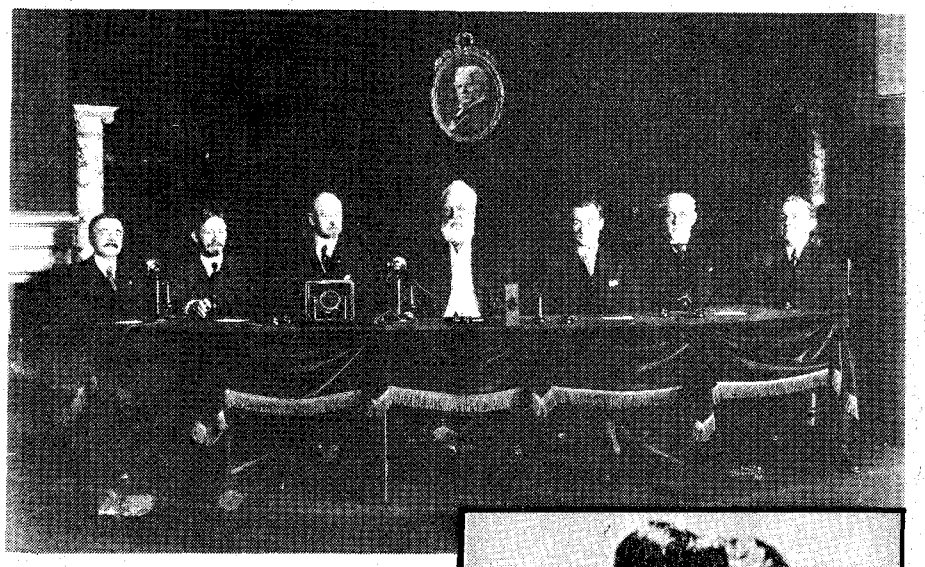
By 1911 long distance lines had been laid between New York and Denver. Limited service had already begun between Denver and Salt Lake City.

Vail's dream still had a long way to go to become reality. There was the matter of stringing lines across 400 miles of barren desert between Nevada and Utah. It meant hauling wood great distances, besides getting together a crew that could sustain hardships.

The Pacific Telephone set up the Bell Telephone Company of Nevada as a holding company for this dramatic effort. The final link-up was to coincide with the opening of the Panama Pacific International Exhibition in San Francisco in the summer of 1914. This was to be the big moment.

Men had to pit speed and endurance against almost impossible conditions. Facing dust storms, rain and snow, below zero weather and searing heat, it was one of the most heroic deeds ever accomplished by pioneers, easily matching those of the emigrants hacking roads through the west.

Too, digging holes for the telephone poles was a slow process. Some other means had to be found. Getting the job done in time for the exposition called for new innovations. Engineers had to find a way to overcome this obstacle. And they did!



Gathered for ceremonies in 1915 opening the first transcontinental phone line (above) are phone officials and New York government leaders. Carty is at left and Alexander Graham Bell at center. Above Bell is picture of Vail, who was recuperating from a fall. Bell at 28 (right) in 1876 invented the telephone.

After many hours spent in the laboratory, two automatic diggers were developed which could bore holes 16 inches in diameter, and four feet, six inches deep where soil conditions permitted. The poles were square redwood timbers 18 feet long.

How to get them to the desert was another problem. Raw redwood trees had to be cut down and hauled in from the forests of northern California. The logs were brought in to sawmills where they were cut to pole-size. Shipped to San Francisco by sea, they were then loaded onto railroad gondolas for the trip to Nevada.

On November 10, 1913, three survey crews staked out a line between Wadsworth, Nevada, and Wendover, Utah. The following spring stakes were firmly planted over 400 miles of desert and mountains.

Over 100 workmen, 14 wagons, 116 horses, four motor trucks, three automobiles and one crawler tractor cluttered up the construction site at the Nevada sector. The poles had to be carried to each stake, for nowhere was the line built near enough to the railroad for easy distribution.

In an unseasonable fall, crews working their way through the desert were caught in the worst snowstorm in Nevada's history. Fierce winds swirled flying sand, lashing the faces of the men. And the tractor stopped dead in its tracks!

One of the workers (his name has long since been forgotten) shouted angrily to his boss, Paul Klein, "Damn it, Mr. Klein, we can't keep this up. We can't get too far without a tractor in this kind of weather. The men are talking of quitting. You'll have to come up with something real quick."

"I know it's not easy," said foreman Klein, "but give us a little more time. I'm sure we'll come up with a solution."

"Time is running out," grumbled the worker, "something will have to be done, and in a hurry."

Indeed, it meant the difference between going on or calling it off. Dispatching a messenger to the home office explaining his predicament, Klein got back favorable news. Model-T Fords were on their way! As Paul Klein later described it:

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Newsmen and officials gather around the final pole to watch the splicing of wires connecting San Francisco to New York by telephone. More than 100 people witnessed the event that made headlines around the world. The impossible was now a fact!

"Sand knocked out the tractor just a short while after it was put in operation. The men were grumbling and it looked like mutiny was in the air. But I was able to keep them together a little longer. Sending a messenger to the head office with the bad news brought exceptional results. It seems that someone thought of Model-T Fords, and we didn't get them a day too soon. They went just about everywhere. On one clear day we managed to put up 144 poles, a record I'll always be proud of."

There were days when holes had to be drilled through solid rock by hand, to set the poles. Worked lagged with the changing seasons. Extreme unseasonal weather seemed to follow them around. In one of the worst springs—it was the wettest in 30 years—streams were flooded and sections of the desert became swamps. Stakes were buried under rising water. Building roads on high ground, the crew had its hands full changing the direction of the water flow.

Mired down in soft sand, workers were talking about laying down their tools again. But Klein was a smooth talker and his impressive zeal kept them in line.

The floods over, weather brought in an influx of mosquitos east of Elko. Swarming out of the sagebrush in countless numbers, horse blankets had to be made from barley sacks to prevent the horses from being eaten alive. And the men made nettings for their own protection.

A hot sun that almost brought temperatures to the boiling point seared the crews as they neared Wendover, Utah. At the start of the project there was an abundance of water. Now water had to be transported 20 miles, to quench the thirst of men and animals. There were several cases of rattlesnake bite, but fortunately, the victims recovered. Replacements were high, but there were no lives lost.

Finally, it was over. On June 17, 1914, crews of the Bell Telephone of Nevada joined those of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph, who had made their way building lines west of Salt Lake City. More than 3,400 miles of telephone lines had been strung across the continent!

The historic meeting took place at the desert border of Wadsworth, Nevada, and Wendover, Utah. It attracted worldwide attention, making headlines in all the newspapers. Over a hundred people came down to witness the final splicing of wires, the 'Golden Spike' of the telephone.

Both crews set the redwood poles in place, tamping the ground around it. Two flags were then nailed to the crossarm. One was the American flag. The other had these letters emblazoned on it:

S.F.—N.Y.
Toll Line
Completed
June 17, 1914

Two wagon teams crossed under the last pole while a movie cameraman clicked away. Linemen from both companies completed the final splice as 130,000 telephone poles ran through 13 states, four strands of copper wire stretching across them, to complete the coast-to-coast link-up.

Foreman Klein described the crew's reaction this way:

"When the final hook-up had been made on top of the 10-foot long crossarm, we all partook of a big feast of roast duck and other goodies. The dining tent was on the Utah side. But since it was a dry state, the path was well grooved to the Nevada tent, where champagne flowed like water. We carried on for three days."

On a cold, wintry day in New York City, Alexander Graham Bell officially inaugurated the opening of the intercontinental telephone line. He simply repeated the same words used in his attic on that eventful day in 1876.

"Mr. Watson, please come here. I want you."

At the other end of the line in San Francisco, his former assistant, Thomas A. Watson, laughed.

Also listening in was President Woodrow Wilson on a separate hook-up in Washington. American Telephone and Telegraph president Theodore Vail was at the other end of the line at Jekyll Island, Georgia, where he was recuperating from a fall.

Watson's voice was clear and distinct. "Thanks for the invitation, Mr. Bell. But now it would take me a week to get there."

Vail's dream had become a reality. But it was the wealthy mine owners of the west who added fuel to his burning idea. •

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CAUSE OF DEATH —LYNCHING!

(Continued from page 27)

morning and still there was no trace of their quarry; however, it had been a long day for Charley Benson, too.

Under a thick covering of hay in the big stone barn behind Moses Thatcher's house on Second Street, Charlie ate the last of the bread and cheese and wrapped himself more closely in the robe and tried vainly to relax his tense body. He felt he could never straighten out again.

On Sunday there was a repeat of the house-to-house search. Church meetings were short. This morning there was concern with more worldly events—sinister events.

Monday arrived and the lawmen were still guarding the roads and patrolling the streets. Marshal Fletcher was convinced Charlie was still hiding in the city. Most of the citizens were not sure where he was.

Logan's people were uneasy, fearful. Rumors multiplied, and Charlie's crimes grew with each retelling.

Under the hay in Thatcher's barn, a weary man came to a resolute decision. At daybreak he would try and get out of town. He was beginning to come unglued. Anything was better than this inaction. Vigilance must surely have been relaxed after seventy-two hours.

Early the next morning he crept out of the barn and through the pre-dawn darkness to Frederick Goodwin's home. Goodwin was a rancher who, like many in Utah, found it more comfortable to live in town and hire men to run his cattle on the prairies known as the Big Range, twenty miles northwest of Logan. Frederick Goodwin had been Charlie Benson's friend. Mr. Goodwin had also been young Crockett's friend. When Charlie tapped on the window, Goodwin told him to go home. Benson answered that he couldn't; the place was too well guarded.

Goodwin then offered an alternative: "Get away if you can; you've caused trouble enough to your friends."

He had used the word *friend*—he would not notify Marshal Fletcher.

Charlie turned south to First Street, then ran west along the road until it became a trail among the willows bordering Logan River. By the time he reached the outskirts of town, the first traces of morning light had caressed the tops of the nine-thousand foot peaks east of the city. One of the patrollers—still on the job—thought he had seen someone running along the street, a dark silhouette against the white snow. He told the Marshal. They searched, and found tracks in the crisp snow—tracks of a man running.

Immediately the hue and cry was raised.

A hundred armed men were soon following the trail along First Street, beyond the town, among the willows. About two miles west of Logan they spotted him. The leafless branches gave no screen to shield him. A hundred rifles were raised. Marshal Fletcher shouted at him to either surrender or be shot. Charlie gave up. With taunts and threats which grew louder at each step, the posse surrounded him, led him back to town and, since Logan City had no jail, they took him to the county courthouse and locked him in one of the cells at the rear of the building.

But the crowd didn't disperse. They had been living in a kind of unhealthy hysteria compounded of mass excitement—with the very real abhorrence they could almost taste—for the man who could shoot down a friend! Now the object of their fury was locked up in a cell inside a frail white frame building. Slowly, inexorably, they talked up their anger. They rehearsed their injuries—real and imagined, but vivid after four days of living with them. The men who had been scared since Friday night were becoming brave—and they were feeling vengeful.

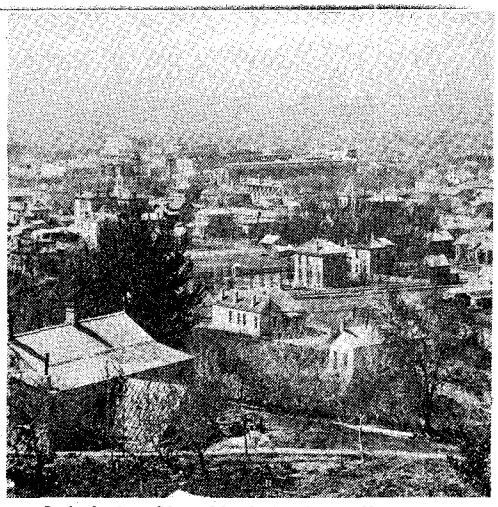
At some point in their mutterings, the crowd became a mob, the volunteers became vigilantes. Suddenly a couple of them bolted from the group toward the courthouse. A loud shout brought the rest of them. They ran into the building, to the cell, and dragged Charlie Benson out the door. Someone had a rope, one end already tied into a noose.

In front of the building was a high sign post on which were words: Cache County Court House. The noose was slipped around Charlie's neck, the end of the rope was thrown over the signpost, and a dozen men on the other end lifted Charles A. Benson into eternity.

That was at 10:00 o'clock in the morning. How many went home to a full dinner will never be known.

In the afternoon the County Coroner impaneled a jury which presented its findings in a verdict that must stand as a monument of official understatement:

"At an inquest holden at the county court house in Logan, in said county, on the 18th day of February, A.D. 1873, before Charles O. Card, coroner of said county, upon the body of Charles A. Benson there lying dead, by the jurors whose names are hereunto subscribed, the said jurors upon their oaths do say that the said Charles A. Benson came to his death from strangulation, caused by a rope around his neck, and that we further find according to the evidence here presented that the said Charles A. Benson, unarmed, was taken from the officers by a mob with violence, and that the said mob hung the said deceased to the sign in front of the county court house until dead.



Salt Lake City, Utah looked like this 15 years after Benson was lynched by a mob in nearby Logan.

In witness whereof the said jurors hereunto set their hands this 18th day of February, A.D. 1873.

Sylvanus Collett,
Eli Bell,
O. G. Beach.

The next day David W. Crockett was buried in the city cemetery atop the bluffs east of town. Mary Ann Weston Maughan wrote in her diary, "it was a very large funeral."

At 3:30 p.m. on February 20, 1873, Charles A. Benson was buried in the same cemetery. Funeral services were held at the grave. Mrs. Maugham, who attended the ceremonies, recorded that "M. Thatcher, J. Hatch, and T.X. Smith spoke and said what could be said to comfort the mourners..."

On the same day that Charlie was buried in an unconsecrated grave, the *Salt Lake Daily Tribune* editorialized:

"The lynching of Charles A. Benson is an act to be deplored, no matter how deserving the criminal might have been. Society must be made secure at any cost, but if lynching once be countenanced there is no knowing where it may end, at what moment a mob of irresponsible persons may pounce upon their victims, or how soon we may have in Utah a reign of terror. We would earnestly urge all law-abiding citizens to sternly frown down this beginning of lynch law."

Rightly or not, the citizens of Logan blamed liquor for the whole affair. When annual licenses were being granted the next December, 611 citizens petitioned the City Council for an "Ordinance to forbid the manufacture or sale of spirituous, vinous, or fermented liquors within the city limits."

They also petitioned for the prohibition of "Bowling Alleys, Billiard Tables, gambling and games of chance."

On December 4, 1874, both petitions were granted.

No one petitioned to forbid firearms—or mobs. ●

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THE LOSING OF A NATION

(Continued from page 13)

pion in an ex-army man of the territory by the name of Payne. He soon helped open up the unassigned land in 1889 for these people. This land was in the heart of Indian territory, bordering the Cheyenne and Arapaho reservation to the east.

Lefthand walked to the outside of the ragged tent gasping for fresh air as the thoughts of the crushing, grabbing white farmers began to fill his mind. These people surrounded their domain like vultures, ready to gobble up their last free home. The Dawes Commission was pressing all the redmen of the territory to sell their lands and take allotments, so the government could open all this place called Oklahoma to the whites.

When the way looked the blackest, and the Cheyenne and Arapaho began to think that the All Father Himself had forgotten his people, hope came. Wovoka, the Paiute Messiah, brought his ghost dance to the plains Indians. Since the very first when the aliens had usurped the redman's domain, they had looked for a redeemer to drive out the usurper and bring back to their people what they had lost.

Sitting Bull, a southern Arapaho who was living in the north, first brought the word back to his people of Wovoka's visit with the All Father Himself in the spirit world.

Former Agents Miles and Dyer appeared at the agency, telling Lefthand that the Dawes Commission would soon be at their reservation to talk on the selling of their rights to the Cherokee Strip.

These two men said they would be the lawyers for the Cheyenne and Arapaho for part of the money paid by the government for the sale of this land. So the Commission came to their reservation, telling Lefthand and the other chiefs they must sell this land at the price set aside by the government for all Indian land; that if they were not willing to sell this land, they would have to go to the white man's court and if they did this, they would hardly get any money for their land.

The confusion began for Lefthand and the other chiefs. They did not know of this court that Senator Jerome spoke about, but they had seen through the years that the Indian always seemed to lose. Being a true believer in the ghost religion, Lefthand went to Sitting Bull for advice on this matter. Sitting Bull told him that the whites would soon be swallowed up when the earth moved, and therefore it would not hurt his people to put the mark on the white man's paper. Lefthand also talked long and hard with former Agent Miles, who had always been a friend to his people. Miles told him it would be good for his people to own their individual allotments. Lefthand understood Miles to say the only land they would be selling was the land known as the Strip.

The signing of the paper was a big occasion for the white man. The bottled poison called whiskey flowed freely. The interpreters became so drunk that they could not tell the chiefs what was written on the paper they were signing. Again and again, the chiefs asked if the selling was for the Strip, and for one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. The interpreters told them yes, and finally each one of them made their mark.

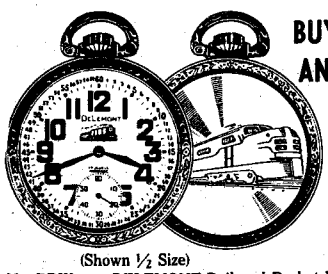
Lefthand sat in front of his lonely little teepee on his barren allotted land. He prayed for the blindness that had been coming upon him since the soldier so long ago on the Sand Creek had struck him on the head. He now knew the paper he had signed was for all his people's land and he did not want to see the whites make another big race for their lost land. He had tried to be a good chief. He was chosen for this place of honor because he was a fine warrior and hunter. But there were no buffalo to hunt and the only war left was in the white man's court.

He knew nothing of this whiteman's kind of way of fighting and they knew nothing of the Arapaho way. He could foresee the sadness to come for his people in the white man's world. The one thing he could not find the answer to in his meditations was, why must these white eyes always try to change the lives of the redmen?

What was wrong with the Arapaho way? They sang and danced to the All Father Himself, thanking Him for all he gave them from Grandmother earth. Everyone in the tribe was one another's brother, and no man, white or red, ever left an Indian lodge hungry. If there was food for one, there was food for all. He would never see how this way could be bad.

Slowly, the wind began once again to carry Lefthand's pathetic song over the prairie. The losing was over. They had no more to lose.

Aniqu ne chawn nauo
Aniqu ne chawn nauo
Father, have pity on us
Father, have pity on us
Awa wa biqana kaye na
Awa wa biqana kaye na
We are crying from thirst
We are crying from thirst
I yahu hnn ni bith ti
I yahu hnn ni bith ti
All is gone—We have no place to go!
All is gone—We have no place to go!



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ELEGANT GREAT-GRANDMA

(Continued from page 41)

With the long skirts pioneer women wore the best method of riding a horse was riding it sidesaddle.

This little invention was called a "balance strap," and since that time most sidesaddles have been equipped with them. This strong webbed or leather strap was fastened by screws to the saddle tree on the near side of most American made sidesaddles, which came over the near sidesaddle skirt, and was buckled on the off side. The English saddle makers reversed this method, and buckled their straps on the near side.

How did great grandma ride her sidesaddle? There were many books and magazine articles on the subject of sidesaddle riding during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries that were available to her. Much of sidesaddle riding seemed to depend on "common sense," and how well great grandma could handle a horse. As Belle Beach, writing in the 1893 issue of *Delineator* said, "Being a horsewoman and being "horsy" are not synonymous; neither does the one depend upon the other." A wise observation!

Most women mounted with the assistance of a servant or male escort. In 1803, Frederico Mazzuchelli's book on horsemanship for women described a method which, in order to be used, required the woman using it to be somewhat of a contortionist. But, beginning with the Nineteenth Century, things changed for the better.

"Mounting blocks" or "horse stones" were used to aid women to mount. These were small platforms with one or two steps which greatly aided our female ancestors to mount their horses without help. (It is understood there was not always a man around when the lady wished to ride.) These mounting blocks were to be seen all over the East, the South and the Southwest. Usually great grandma had her man build her one for home use.

A good seat and balance in the sidesaddle depended upon the proper position of the legs and the seatbone. (I found this to be the keynote to sidesaddle riding when I began. My grandmother who, at 79, was my teacher, was still riding sidesaddle). For a graceful balance the base of the rider's spine should be at all times directly over the horse's backbone in a central position. Actually, there is no other position she can use except this one. Should she slide her spine beyond the horse's backbone to the off-side, she will become lopsided. The rider should sit facing squarely to the front, with shoulders square and even. Never drooping, nor too stiff. The right leg should be well down on the saddle, and the right knee should pull back on the upper pommel.

The grip with the right leg comes from underneath the knee and a little below it; the remainder of the right leg should hang at ease. The left knee should not be pressed up against the pommel or leaping head, but should be held with the heel down and the toe up and turned slightly in toward the horse's side.

A very long stirrup will cause a woman to ride too far forward on her sidesaddle, and up on the horse's withers. The left hand holds the reins, and the right hand the whip if necessary. Many women found that they had to use a whip in the right hand for it took the place of the right leg to kick the horse to make it go.

While the progress of the sidesaddle design advanced during the centuries, women's riding clothes remained frilly, with the long flowing dresses or skirts under which she wore from two to five petticoats. And she valued her headstyle by wearing the plumed and large floral hats with veils.

Usually she wore high top-button or lace-up pointed toed shoes, though many of the women wore the Wellington boots with the tops nearly to the knees under their flowing skirts.

For many years, no one thought of wearing pantaloons or breeches under the skirt. Then, about 1800, women began using a little common judgement, and began wearing the white linen pantaloons which lasted until about 1830. These were replaced with the long black tights of the bloomer style which were almost invisible when the wind blew the long skirts up to expose an ankle or leg. This change greatly improved the women's horsemanship.

With the Twentieth Century, women were wearing much the same type riding clothes as the men, plus a riding panel or skirt that was divided or buttoned up the side when afoot, and allowed to swing free before mounting her horse.

Riding sidesaddle was an art, and still is for those few women who find that riding that special, distaff fashion adds color and excitement to horseback riding. For great grandma, it was a fashion "must" if she wished to travel horseback. ●

BUTCH CASSIDY

(Continued from page 36)

ing wrangled horses for them at age 14 in Brown's Park, a well known sanctuary for the outlaws. As an employee of Cassidy's, Cowboy Joe was witness to numerous gunfights, horse thefts, and even a hanging, but most important, he *knew* Butch Cassidy.

"In the fall of 1909," says historian, Kerry Ross Boren, "Joe got into a gunfight at Burnt Fork and his father came down from Oregon and rushed him out of the country. This ended an association of some eight years between Cowboy Joe and the Wild Bunch, but it was not the end of Joe's career.

"Joe joined the Miller Brothers' Wild West Show as a rider and performer and toured the country where he became acquainted with many famous personalities of his time such as Buffalo Bill Cody, Wyatt Earp and Will Rogers...

"Because of recent publicity afforded Butch Cassidy by movies and magazines," said Mr. Boren, "the obvious question was put to Cowboy Joe. Did Butch Cassidy die in South America?

"'I used to have some good friends up around the Park (Brown's Park) and in the Jackson Hole country who from time to time used to give me the impression that Butch was over in the plush harvest country, and doing all right, among real friends.'"

"Cowboy Joe last saw Butch Cassidy in 1915, six years after Butch was supposed to have been killed in South America.... It occurred during a Wild West Show at the San Francisco World's Fair. Joe had just made a spectacular ride on a bucking bronco while shooting his six-shooter loaded with blank cartridges into the air. A 'dressed up cowhand' jumped over the fence and into the arena and complimented him on his ride.

"'He said my old boss thought I had improved my riding since he had last seen me. Looking up in the direction the cowboy was pointing, up in the audience, all leaving now that the show was over, Butch, with that big, bright smile he often displayed, threw up his arm so I could locate him.'"

But for obvious reasons, when Cowboy Joe attempted to enter the grandstand to confront his old friend

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and former boss, Butch turned away and disappeared into the crowd. Apparently, Butch hadn't wished to carry the incident any further.

Harold Thayne Longabaugh, who had toured the West in a continuing effort to sort the facts from the fiction about his father's life, said this about Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid:

"While at Jackson Hole, Wyoming in 1935, an elderly man noticed the name Longabaugh painted on the side of my truck and began asking questions. I took offense at the personal quality of the questions, but deciding there was an underlying reason, I answered them. The stranger then identified himself as Butch Cassidy.

"To know Butch was to like him. He had a mild disposition. There was a man who could've gone a long way. If he'd had an education he would've been top flight in anything he tried to do.

"Following a tip given me by Butch, I met my father for the first time at the Chicago Hotel in Spokane, Washington in 1940. I was going over to Couer d'Alene a few days later to look at some mining property for a friend and dad wanted to go along. He said that he and Butch had done some mining of their own in Alaska and thought he might enjoy the ride. We visited for four days and then one night dad just up and left the hotel. He thought he'd been recognized by someone. I was 39 years old then, dad was 81.

"We met again in 1947 and stayed together for three days. Then he disappeared again. He died in Casper, Wyoming in 1958 at the age of 98 and is buried there under the name Harry Long."

Butch Cassidy, as an employee of the railroad, traveled intensively during his vacations and after retirement free of charge. Under these circumstances he returned to "old stomping grounds" often and visited with old friends whenever the occasion would permit. But most of all, he seemed to enjoy traveling the Wild West Show circuit, attending shows in Europe, Australia and throughout the United States.

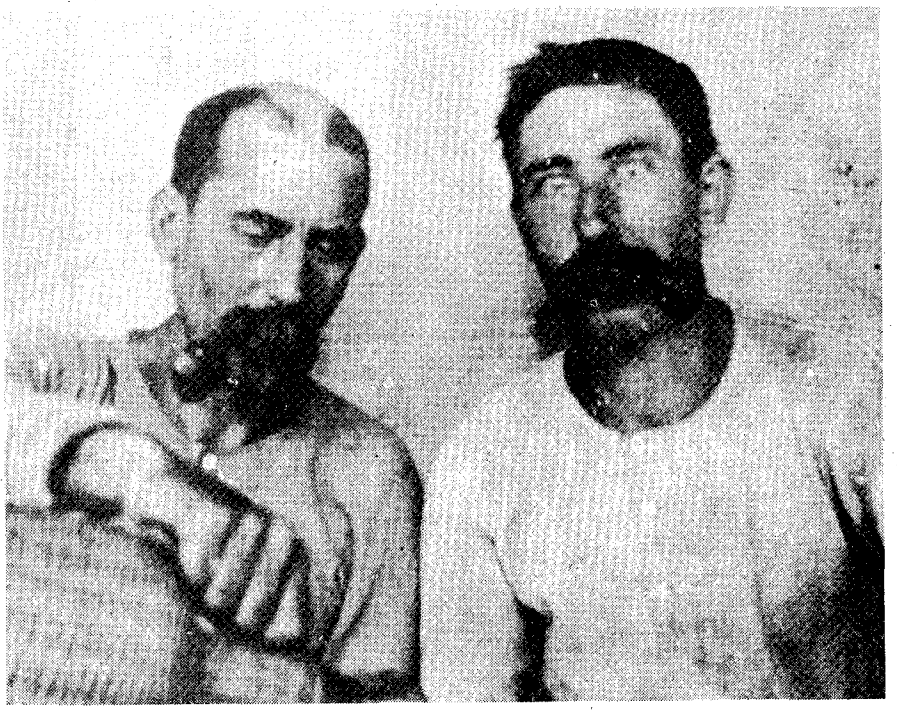
But in 1925, Butch Cassidy toured at least part of the West in a very unusual manner. Clifford L. McMullin tells the story:

"As I recall, father was working as a cook for a diamond drilling gang in Black Canyon on the Colorado River. Late one afternoon two men in a high-powered, twelve-cylinder inboard came up the Colorado River and stopped to buy some gasoline.

"Dad recognized Butch immediately, but said nothing to give him away. When Butch stepped from the boat, he turned to dad, and asked, 'How's uncle Brig and aunt Ada?' He was referring, of course, to dad's parents.

"After a short conversation, Butch and his companion toted the gasoline aboard the boat and left. As long as dad worked there that boat never did come back down the river. It's my guess they made it as far as Lee's Ferry, or near 'bouts, scuttled the boat and continued by land to their destination."

When asked if his father could have been mistaken about the identity of Cassidy, Mr. McMullin replied; "There was no doubt in dad's mind whatsoever that it was Butch. He'd seen Butch twice before in the early days when Butch came down to hide out from the law at grandfather McMullin's place in Leeds, Utah. Grandfather McMullin was the bishop there for 27 years. Butch figured no one would look for him there, and they didn't." (NOTE: The full names of 'uncle Brig and aunt Ada', for whom Butch was concerned, were Brigham Young & Ada Parker McMullin. Butch Cassidy—Robert LeRoy Parker—was Ada's nephew.)



The Sundance Kid (left) and Kid Curry polish off a jug of corn liquor in Silver City, according to the late Agnes Meader Snyder. The Kid's late son had claimed he met his father in 1940 at a Washington hotel.

John Rolfe Burroughs, while gathering information about Cassidy for his book, *WHERE THE OLD WEST STAYED YOUNG,* wrote; "When I questioned him, Tom Vernon, the unofficial 'Mayor' of the unincorporated town of Baggs, Wyoming, smiled... 'Killed in South America—hell!' he exclaimed. 'Butch Cassidy came by—I forget the exact year but it was sometime in the twenties—and stayed with me for two days. There's no mistake. I played the violin at the dances he and the other members of the Wild Bunch threw in Baggs'."

At Green River, Wyoming, Tom Welch, a huge man who, even at the age of 91 conveyed an impression of vitality and rugged strength, said; "If Butch was killed in South America like they say he was, I had a couple drinks of whiskey in a Lander, Wyoming, bar 15 years later with a mighty lively ghost."

From all reports, Butch Cassidy married in 1914 at the age of 48 and was the proud father of two daughters by 1918. Neither his wife nor his children were aware of his outlaw past and he was always on guard to shield them from his shady reputation of the years before.

In 1935, when members of the news

(Continued on page 52)

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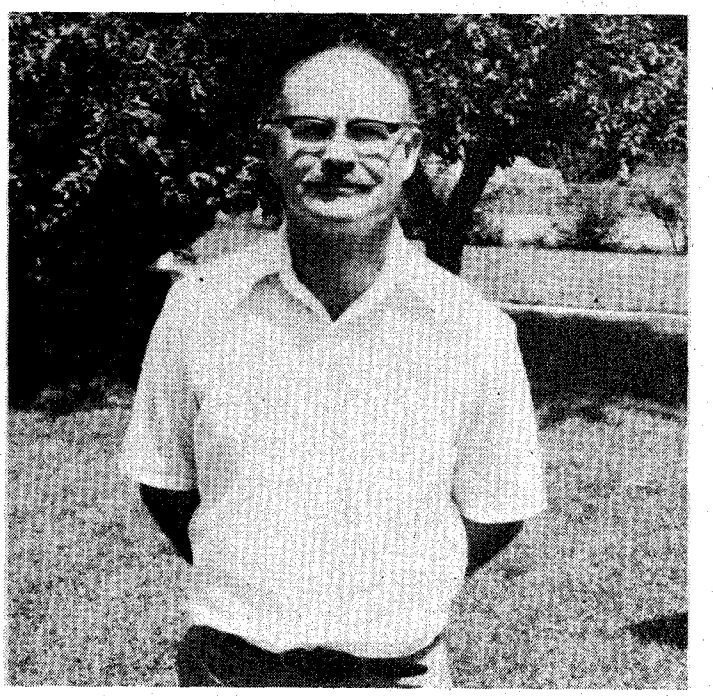
BUTCH CASSIDY

(Continued from page 51)

media caught wind of a rumor that Butch was alive and living near Spokane, Washington, his secret became jeopardized. Thus, he asked for and was granted an immediate transfer to the East, where it is reported his wife died in the spring of 1937, and his two daughters married prominent and influential men.

According to Mrs. Fern Lyon who has diligently researched Butch's early outlaw career within the southwest, Mrs. Mary Agnes Haymes, of Silver City, New Mexico recalled that as a young lady she was introduced to a distinguished-looking gentleman who came to her grandmother's house during the late '30's. At that time her grandmother said, "Now remember, Mary Agnes, you have met Butch Cassidy!"



Clifford L. McMullin says when his Uncle Dan "told us Butch was still alive and doing quite well for himself, we believed him." Dan was Butch's brother.

And Butch replied, "Let's let that name die as the man is supposed to have done."

"Grandma," wrote Mrs. Lyon, referring to Mrs. Haymes' grandmother, "was Agnes Meader Snyder, daughter of a pioneer rancher whose spread was close to the old WS Ranch, some 70 miles northwest of Silver City, where Butch worked in the late '90's. At that time Butch made many respectable friends like the Meaders who remembered him and his gentlemanly manners.

"Duke Pitts, who now lives down that way in the town of Cliff, remembers having Butch Cassidy pointed out to him in a barber shop in Silver City about that same time. Duke remembers him as a big man with a fancy vest.

"Butch was in Silver City for only a few days in the '30's, Mrs. Haymes says, but long enough to be well remembered. Roaming the West, he evidently had come by especially to see her grandmother..."

In the spring of 1939, while traveling by train to Goldfield, Nevada, Butch picked up a copy of *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and was stunned to discover therein a photograph of his old friend and former associate, Matt Warner. The story which accompanied the photograph was a condensed version of Matt's book, *THE LAST OF THE BANDIT RIDERS,* which at that time was not yet published. The magazine itself wasn't recently published, but it did reveal that Matt Warner—whom Butch hadn't seen for better than 40 years—was still alive.

Butch was furious! He'd been led to believe Matt was dead. During the early '30's, he'd paid a man $500 to look Matt up and give him his address, but the man returned only to report that Matt, as deputy sheriff of Price, Utah, had been killed in the line of duty. (NOTE: One of Price's law officers was killed by a black man in the late '20's, but it wasn't Matt.) Now that Butch knew Matt was alive he decided that it was high-time he paid Matt a visit.

Somewhere between Utah and Goldfield, Nevada, Butch transferred to another train and made the journey to Price, a small town in eastern Utah where Matt Warner had lived and gained respectability during his later years as Deputy Sheriff and Justice of the Peace.

When he stepped from the train into the crowded railroad depot at Price, Butch inquired as to where he might find Matt Warner and was told, again, that Matt was dead, that he'd died of natural causes the previous year. As might be expected, his first and only reaction was to board the train and leave Price immediately. But instead, and in true Cassidy manner, he went to the Warner home and offered his condolences to Matt's family.

Joyce Warner recognized him immediately from her father's description. "When he stepped upon our front porch," she recalled, "I just thought to myself, 'My goodness, that's Butch Cassidy!'"

But since Butch had obviously used an assumed name and had introduced himself only as a concerned friend, I asked Joyce if he had admitted that he was in fact Butch Cassidy.

"Yes he did," she replied, "but not on the first visit. He returned a second and a third time that evening to visit, rather than to wait for his train at the depot. The first time we had company so he said that he'd come back later. He came back the second time but stayed for just a short while. A passing police siren seemed to alarm him, he got up, looked out the window, and then excused himself, saying, 'After all these years, I'm still not used to those things.' He then left and returned later, for the third time.

"Each time he expressed his grief over papa's death and each time he asked further about papa and about the missing Butch Cassidy. When we told him that Butch had went to South America where he was supposed to have been killed, he said that he'd been there also, but that he'd put a crease too close to a man's head and because of it had returned to the United States... And he talked of how he'd rode with papa on many occasions in the early days, long before papa had reformed."

It was apparent in my conversations with Joyce that the two things she'd noticed first—besides the man's appearance and the hints in his conversation which seemed to

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Joyce Warner recognized Butch Cassidy immediately when he came to the Warner home in 1939. His eyes and manner of sitting indicated he was Butch.

indicate to her that he was Butch Cassidy—were his eyes and his manner of sitting.

"Papa used to say that Butch sat the way he sat, and that his eyes almost seemed to penetrate a man as he talked to him. When he came into our house and sat down he reminded me so much of papa and the way papa sat. And, on occasion, when he removed his dark glasses to wipe away a tear, his eyes had the most penetrating effect I've ever seen.

"On the third and last visit he gave mother his address and asked that we send him one of papa's books when they were released. Then my brother and his wife walked in and he said that he must be going. Mother and I walked with him as far as the front porch, and then I asked, 'You're Butch Cassidy, aren't you?'

"He replied that he was, but insisted we keep it a secret... His deepest concern was for his daughters back East. Their lives, or marriages, could be destroyed, he said, if his real identity was ever revealed."

I then asked Joyce the most obvious question of all. When and where did Butch Cassidy die?

"I have no idea," she replied. "He was alive and living in Goldfield, Nevada as late as July, 1940. That's when papa's book came out. We sent him one as he had requested and he wrote back, thanking us. We never wrote after that because he was afraid someone might trace our letters to him. But he was alive, as I've said, in 1940.."

Joyce Warner, because of her promise of 1939, wouldn't reveal the name used at that time by Butch Cassidy, but since her story blends the ring of truth to those related earlier, one may be safe in assuming the name used was still "Mr. Roberts." Certainly, I have no evidence to the contrary.

As in the case of every other famous outlaw, from Jesse James to John Dillinger, there are many stories of how Butch Cassidy eventually met his death. I can't find out anything for certain unless, of course, the truth rests upon the death certificate discovered recently by my good friend Pearl Baker, author of the book *THE WILD BUNCH AT ROBBER'S ROOST*. If indeed this is the case, then the notorious Butch Cassidy died on August 31, 1944 at the age of 78 in Las Vegas, Nevada.

According to the document obtained through the Nevada State Department of Health, Ed C. Roberts, a widower, had lived at Las Vegas for about one and one-half years, or from about the time Butch Cassidy mysteriously disappeared from Goldfield, only 150 miles to the northwest.

Ed Roberts had worked for the Pioneer Club as a chiller, a trade Butch would have been an expert at. He died on August 31, 1944 of a heart attack. The Parker family genealogy records simply state that Butch died in 'August'. What's more, nothing at all could be learned of Ed Roberts' immediate family, understandably so if the man was indeed Butch Cassidy. And just as convincing, perhaps, is the fact that no one has ever reported seeing Butch Cassidy after the death of Ed C. Roberts.

Whatever became of Robert LeRoy Parker, alias, Butch Cassidy or Mr. Roberts, after his retirement at Goldfield, Nevada in 1940 remains a source of speculation. Whether he, like so many of his associates, eventually met with a violent death, or whether he faded into anonymity is not known for certain. But his disappearance at the end of a long and "silent amnesty" signaled the end of one of the warmest, most colorful, and least offensive of the outlaw legends of the American West. •

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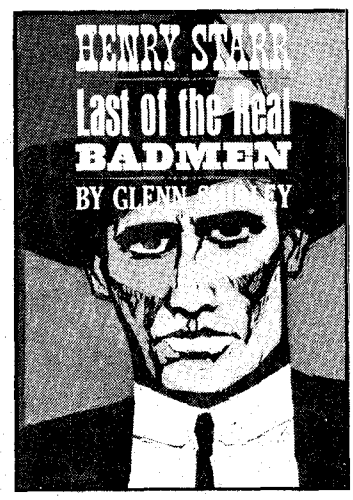

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GOLD LAKE LIAR

(Continued from page 21)

Greenwood persuaded fifty wagons with fifty families that the grass of California was greener, that the potential for prosperity was greater.

The old man's toothless gums bared in pleasure when the group's spokesman paid him $125 ($2.50 per wagon).

For the next five years the procedure varied but little, and the old man's exploits grew with each trip and each telling. His thirst for hard liquor and his story telling were all a part of Old Caleb Greenwood—a frontier legend.

After the gold discovery the old man snorted in disbelief at the onrush of hopeful wealth seekers. He disdainfully laughed at their optimism and delighted in verbally tormenting them.

In May, 1849, Old Greenwood and two half-breed sons, Brian and John, completed a successful trip from guiding a winter stranded wagon across the Sierras to the Sacramento Valley. Although the old man was weary, his dust squashing moccasins showed no fatigue as they carried their owner toward refreshment and "palaver."

Nearing a group of miners engaged in verbal *claim* comparison, Old Greenwood winked a clandestine eye at his two dour-faced progeny, then halted to listen. One of the boastful miners tugged a half-marble sized nugget from his pocket and said:

"They's more whar this come from!"

A crinkle of glee furrowed the old man's face, but he quickly sobered, edged closer and reached for the glitter in the outstretched hand.

"Lemme see that!" he exclaimed.

Startled, the miner stepped back. Old Greenwood's sons stiffened, tensed for action and swept their expressionless Indian eyes from side to side. They relaxed when the miner grinned in recognition.

"Howdy, Old Greenwood. When'd you get back?" he said, handing his prize to the mountain man.

For a moment Old Greenwood didn't speak. He rolled the nugget between his fingers, slanted it toward the sun, then grunted, "Is that gold?"

The mystified miner nodded assent, shuffled his feet in the dust, then looked at his friends to see if they were equally puzzled by the question.

"Why?" he asked.

"Hell!" snorted the old prevaricator, "me and the boys know a lake where all the shore pebbles look like that. Don't we, boys?"

A stunned silence gripped the group for a second, then snickers erupted. The miners elbowed each other and winked knowingly.

"Ah mean it!" said Old Greenwood. "Me and my fam'ly camped thar many times."

As if seeking proof, the miners peered intently into the eyes of the straight-faced old man. His unblinking gaze returned grave veracity, then he grunted, "Ef ye all don't believe . . ."

He started to walk away.

An eager hand grabbed his arm. A voice pleaded apology, but the trail blazer shook loose and continued to walk away. His sons followed.

The bait dangled.

Early the next morning while Old Greenwood was eating breakfast at his camp on the river, a delegation from the miners arrived to make peace with him. The old man was aloof, until money was offered for his services as guide to the Lake of Gold he had been talking about.

"Whar's the lake at?" demanded a prospective employer.

The old man waved vaguely toward the northeast Sierras.

"Yonder," he said.

"Whar?" insisted the questioner, growing impatient.

Old Greenwood expelled, disgustedly. The release of pent-up air seemed to solidify the delegation's belief in the old man's tale. They pleaded for more explicit directions.

The mountain man controlled his facial laughter muscles with effort. His eyes twinkled, but were unnoticed by the miners, whose thoughts were occupied with future riches.

Finally, Old Greenwood looked the delegation straight in their eyes. "You cain't miss it," he said, pointing a horny forefinger toward the distant mountains. "Just foller Bear Mountain trail to the fork, then straight east to a high valley, surrounded by buttes."

Old Greenwood hesitated.

The miners waited, breathlessly.

"The lake is thar," he added. The miners relaxed, relieved. An afterthought seemed to strike the old man. "Better watch them Paiutes, though. They get plumb riled if white men camp around that lake."

Although the old man, himself, refused to lead the eager hopefuls to *Laguna De Oro*, he volunteered, for money, the services of his son, John. The wooden-faced half-breed stood stoically by as his father praised his guiding ability.

After the old man's purse was considerably fattened, and supplies obtained by the group, John Greenwood led the argonauts toward the distant mountains. Without question the miners followed the half-breed over forest-clad elevations and barren foothills, crisscrossed by arid plateaus. Blue lakes sparkled jewel-like in bowls of polished granite.

Through yellow pine and white fir the party traveled, often spotting Paiute smoke signals in the distance. But hopes continued to mount, with excitement at an all time high the day young Greenwood indicated he thought they were nearing the vicinity of *Laguna De Oro*.

TRAVELING slowly now, in order to allow their guide to more adequately scan the terrain, the group continued. On and on the horse-weary men rode, eventually growing suspicious as John Greenwood failed to find the lake.

"Where is this lake?" they whined to each other. "Why can't Greenwood find it?"

But they continued on, things under control, until the day their guide seemed bewildered by his surroundings. Then sullen suspicion exploded into fury as he appeared hopelessly lost. The frustrated miners savagely accused John Greenwood of being a liar, interested only in the money his father had collected for his services.

But Greenwood affirmed his honesty and vowed to find the lake if given more time. The miners' food supply was getting low, however, and they disgustedly ordered a return to Sutter's Fort.

Muttering angrily to themselves as they rode, the miners vowed to demand satis-

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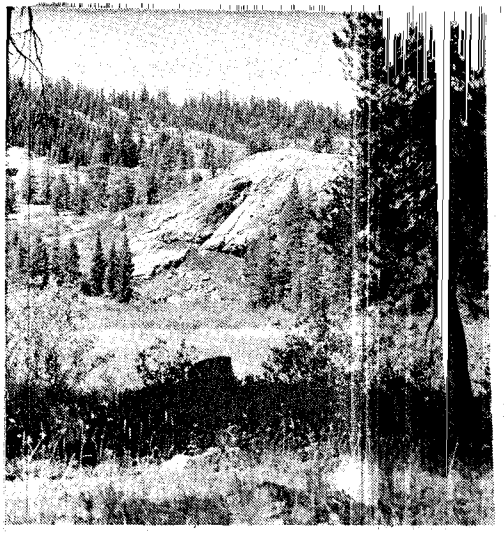

Optimists still seek treasure in the rugged country near Gold Lake.

faction from Old Greenwood, the cause of their futile search and sore posteriors.

They found the old man at his foothill hideaway northwest of Dry Diggings, peacefully awaiting a call from Sutter for a return to the wagon train trail. Before the group spokesman had a chance to speak, an angry, uncontrollable voice from the rear blurted:

"You're a plumb danged old liar!"

Calmly shifting his plug to the opposite cheek, the ancient trail blazer assumed a hurt expression and wondered aloud why he was being abused by friends. Without a trace of anger, he listened to more vilification. After the enraged babble ceased, he blamed the miners' difficulties on their guide—his son, John.

Recalling the previous praise for son John's guiding ability, one of the miners sputtered with indignation and continued verbal abuse. He angrily shook a clenched fist under the old man's nose and called him a thief and a liar.

Old Greenwood sighed, uncoiled from his rope laced chair and reached for his nearby rifle. The name caller stepped back in alarm, glanced fearfully at his comrades, then made a hasty retreat toward the cover of a nearby oak.

"I reckon y'all'd better leave me alone!" warned the by-now fierce old man.

The gold seekers were hunting fortune, not death. They followed the old man's advice and headed toward Sutter's Fort to relax and start a rash of stories about the Lake of Gold.

Hundreds of rumors drifted through the Mother Lode, to every camp and every diggings. Reports that a giant water serpent guarded the treasure at the elusive lake was thoughtfully accepted as truth by some.

While newspapers such as the *Marysville Herald*, the *Sacramento Placer Times*, and *Sacramento Transcript* poked fun at the wild tales and those that believed them, they also pleaded for sanity and warned gold hungry merchants not to close their doors in order to search for uncertain riches.

But their wise council was not heeded. Hundreds of businessmen closed their doors forever when a report filtered through the area that a distant tribe of Indians used pure gold for fishhooks and arrowheads.

Even skeptical old Peter Lassen, who should have known better, became intrigued by the fanciful tale. With his superior mountain knowledge, Lassen was certain he could find the lake. Realizing, however, that gold often wore a false face, he enlisted the aid of a 45-year-old geologist, J. Goldsborough Bruff.

In July, 1850, Lassen and Bruff and their expedition began their journey. At Big Meadows, 50 miles from Sacramento, they made their second night camp and Bruff entered into conversation with a young man named Gibbs, a member of a trading party.

When Gibbs found out that the Lassen-Bruff party was seeking Gold Lake, he volunteered that he knew its location, had been there and picked up more than $4,000 before being forced to flee by hostile Paiutes.

Gibbs' vivid description of the area surrounding the lake caused mountain-wise Lassen to lead the party toward the rim of the Great Basin, a few miles south of present day Alturas.

Although the party discovered a number of lakes, including *Eagle* and *Blue*, none seemed to fit the description of legendary *Laguna De Oro*.

By October the nights were cold and the seekers weary. Their hopes of riches had faded into frustrated obscurity. As their trek continued, however, a man named Hough recalled an incident that had occurred on a previous Lassen expedition he had accompanied.

He told how the party had met an ancient Paiute at about their present location, who had sketched a rough map of the surrounding area in the sand. The Indian had carefully traced numerous lakes, one of which he said had gold nuggets lying on the shore.

At that time, however, the expedition had ignored the story, because it was disbelieved. But now—now the tale took on added meaning and renewed the ailing faith of the gold seekers. Greatly encouraged, the group continued their search.

But a short time later Mother Nature thundered and flashed warning of a coming, vile winter; and the group headed, defeated, for Big Meadows, after having searched a reported 4,000 square miles of wilderness.

While the Lassen party's search had been in progress, another dedicated, smaller group also was seeking the lake. The guide for that party was one Thomas Stoddard, who had convinced a group of Nevada City miners to pay him $200 a head for his services in leading them to *Laguna De Oro*.

When Stoddard failed to find the lake, the enraged miners almost lynched him. But they reconsidered and instead gave him a name that was forever to make him an object of ridicule.

"Crazy Stoddard!" they called him.

Although the Lassen and Stoddard parties probably conducted the most thorough searches for the Lake of Gold, it was a smaller group that added the last ludicrous chapter to Old Greenwood's tale.

That group was wearily trudging the region between the Yuba and Feather Rivers, when they came upon a small, windy, blue lake, surrounded by high buttes.

"We've found it!" whooped a delighted miner. Scrambling and sliding down an incline, the group rushed pell-mell toward the shores. But, alas, they searched for nuggets and tried to wash gold from the water to no avail.

"Gold Lake—Hah!" snarled a disgusted miner. He sat on the ground and wearily surveyed the surrounding terrain and his still searching partners.

But the name stuck. Unauriferous Gold Lake remains to this day—a blue nugget of beauty in the magnificent Lakes Basin Area of Northern California. ●

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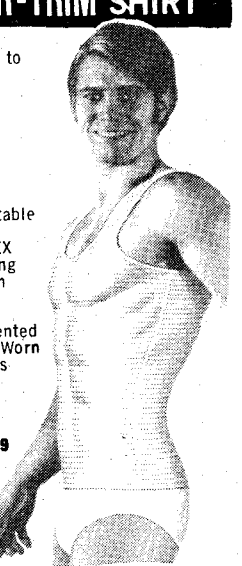

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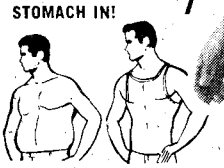

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THE BLOODY MOUTH STAGECOACH BANDIT

(Continued from page 25)

other jobs around the stables and corrals. He told his boss and one of his newfound friends and co-workers, David Nemitz, that his name was Bill Brazelton, and his nickname was "Braz."

The ruggedly handsome newcomer to Tucson was well received, and although he did not say much his amiability and good humor quickly made him many friends. Over the months it was learned that he had been born in Missouri, and had traveled widely and "worked" in Colorado, California, and New Mexico.

Braz was a hard worker and was not free with his money, although some of his friends remembered seeing him flourishing large sums at times. When not working around the stables he spent his free time practicing with one of his pistols. He was reported to be an amazing shot. He got so he could turn a somersault with his pistol in his hand and as he came up he would fire and hit a half dollar twenty-five yards away.

Occasionally "Braz" would disappear for short periods of time. Shortly after David Nemitz quit his job at Leatherwood's and started a new one at Lee's Mill, Brazelton did likewise. But one day "Braz" told David that he was quitting Tucson for good and leaving for a better job in Texas. The several Tucson-to-Florence stage holdups followed shortly thereafter.

Nemitz admitted he had helped Brazelton with food and supplies on several occasions, but he had done so only from fear. It was arranged that Nemitz should visit the robber who, according to the young informer, was camping near Lee's Mill. And accordingly, on a Sunday night, August 18, 1878, Nemitz went out and remained overnight, reporting again to Sheriff Shibell the following Monday morning.

He stated, that Brazelton was very much enraged over the arrest of his friend, Nemitz, because of the fact that he had had the horse in his possession. Arrangements were made between Braz and Nemitz to meet again on Monday evening, at precisely eight o'clock, at a spot near the Guadalupe Sanez ranch, about one and one-half miles south of Lee's Mill, where a fallen log somewhat obstructed the road passage.

Braz would approach this log, signal with a cough, said sign to be returned by Nemitz. Then the fugitive would take off his large slouch hat and place it on the log. Nemitz was now to appear, bringing with him a saddle, bridle, a pair of overalls, an extra pair of pants, and food—all for Brazelton.

This is a re-enactment of what a typical stagecoach hold-up was like. The coach was usually stopped on the outskirts of a major town.

The bandit said he would then proceed to some point west of Tucson, and again hold up the western stage leaving town on Tuesday afternoon. After that Braz said he would return to Tucson, and on Wednesday night he would go to the residence of Town Marshal Butner, knock, and when Butner put in an appearance at the door, he would shoot him down. Sheriff Shibell was to be killed in the same manner!

After this bloody work was done, the bandit told Nemitz, he would leave the Territory for good. His object in killing Butner and Shibell was to wipe out all evidence against Nemitz in reference to the horse being found in his possession. Of course, their deaths would not have erased evidence known by this time to many others.

Nemitz revealed to the Sheriff all these details of his meeting with Brazelton, and Shibell organized a fairly large posse said to be made up of Butner, Charlie Brown, Pete Kitchen, Jim Lee, Charlie T. Etchells, I. Brokaw, Bob Leatherwood and Hiram Stevens. Nemitz was to start on Monday evening to meet the robber, according to the arrangements.

After arriving at the spot where members of the posse was stationed at intervals on both sides of the road, darkness fell and Nemitz was more or less concealed from view. After waiting for about an hour the dark outline of a man was seen approaching cautiously from the south. He reached the log, and gave a cough, which was returned immediately. He placed his slouch hat on the log and stooped over, as if looking down on the other side of the log, probably for the packages he expected to find there.

This was the last act of his life.

As he straightened out after placing his hat on the log there was a burst of gunfire all around him, and he fell to the ground. There were ten wounds in his body.

The words of Brazelton, after the first shots were fired, were: "You sons-of-bitches!" He turned and fell upon his face, exclaiming: "I'll die brave. My God, I'll pray till I die." Then a gasp and all was still. Brazelton was dead.

The posse remained quiet for a little time to satisfy themselves that the bandit was dead. Matches were lighted and they examined the fallen man; the assurances of death were plainly visible. He had a wound just under the nostrils, and one shot went into his mouth, but probably the fatal shot was a charge of buck shot in his back, there being ten holes in his body, between his shoulders and in the region of his heart and lungs.

Officer Brokaw returned to Tucson and procured a wagon, while the balance of the party remained with the body. After Brokaw returned the body was placed in the wagon and brought to town, to the Courthouse. Here it was searched and in Brazelton's pocket was found a pair of earrings belonging to Charlie T. Etchells. They had been placed in the mail on August 8th, addressed to parties in the East. Also found were a small watch and chain. Upon the watch were the initials "G.A.C." or "G.M.", the marking not being clear. This watch had been taken from one of the Silver City, N.M., men who had been robbed at Cook's Canyon. In a brown sack which "Braz" carried were found various articles for his own use, such as salt, tea, grease for his guns, matches, etc., and the well-known white mask with the mocking red-flannel mouth, so often described by stage passengers.

Brazelton's wearing apparel was sadly dilapidated. When killed he was wearing a blue, almost fragmentary shirt, which covered only a portion of his body. He also wore a sort of drab pants, with great patches on the knees, the pants being tucked into his boots. In two belts around his body were a hundred rounds of cartridges, and two of Colt's six-shooters. He carried a Remington rifle as well.

On Tuesday morning Justice Neugass summoned a Coroner's Jury and a verdict was rendered in accordance with the facts. Evidence was then produced linking the "bloody mouth bandit" to at least nine or more stage robberies within the past year, three of them near Silver City, N.M.—including the one at Cook's Canyon—two in northern Arizona, and four near Tucson.

After hundreds of individuals had viewed the bullet riddled body of Brazelton inside the Courthouse, Tucson peace of-

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ficers tied his corpse upright in a chair, propped it up against an adobe wall, and put him on exhibit in front of the town jail!

Mr. Buehman, the photographer, took photographs of the remains as he appeared in his dress when robbing stages, one showing his face and another with the mask, for the purpose of having his victims identify him, if possible. Dr. Wheatley, who was on the stage with Mr. Clum, was in Tucson, and at first sight identified the corpse as the body of the man who robbed him.

The body was then prepared for burial, and on Tuesday afternoon, August 20, 1878, the mortal remains of William Whitney Brazelton were deposited in the cemetery.

After the dramatic death of this colorful and daring desperado with the Jekyll-Hyde personality, the usual legends sprang up about him. Two of these still live to this day.

One of these legends credits Brazelton with being the first man to nail his horse's shoes on backwards to deceive his pursuers. He would ride to the spot of his intended holdup in time to reverse the shoes on his horse. When he rode back to town there were no tell-tale tracks with the shoes pointed in his direction, but rather the trail of two horses going but none returning. This well-known frontier story pops up in the lives of other desperadoes of the west as well, but cannot be verified in any case.

Another legend concerning Brazelton still does hold a gread deal of water today.

For several years after his death the residents of Tucson and environs combed the mountains nearby in the hope of stumbling across Brazelton's apparently hidden loot. It had never been officially located. The Lee's Mill, Silver Lake, and Mission San Xavier del Bac areas have been thoroughly dug up by fortune hunters, but still nothing has been found.

The *Arizona Enterprize*, of Prescott, on August 31, 1878, reported: "Brazelton told Nemitz that he had buried $1,300 near Camp Grant. We expect to see the whole country dug up around the post." It was, but the whereabouts of the proceeds, if any, of Brazelton's relatively short life of crime remain a mystery to this day, as does the life of the man himself.

Writers have not written him up, and embellished the acts of his life, and glorified him as they have done with Billy the Kid, Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Wild Bill Hikock, and many others. Bill Brazelton would have probably liked it the way it was.

The Apaches have a saying—"When you ride the savage land, you are a part of it." The "bloody mouth bandit" rode that savage land and he became a part of it. But today he is all but forgotten. ●

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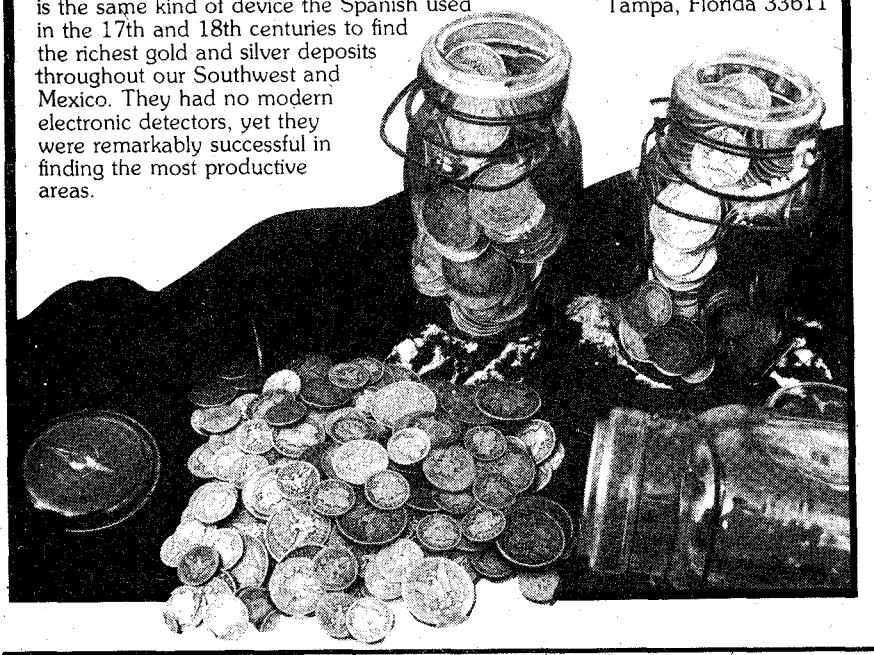

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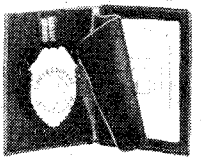

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DOG CALLED PANCHO

(Continued from page 37)

extended on the ground.

Pancho pounced. He grabbed the snake's body just back of its head with his jaws, and though the snake hissed and tried to squirm free, the white fangs punctured the scaly skin. Like a pup with a set of longjohns stolen from a clothesline, Pancho whipped the snake's body against the ground, the bushes, and the trees nearby until it hung limply in his jaws. Instinct as well as experience told Pancho that the snake was still dangerous though limp, as he finally flung the bloody rope of a body as far to the side as possible. He watched it intently as it thudded to the ground, stirred and twitched and slithered as it settled and finally lay still.

Then Pancho went on about his interrupted business, whatever it might have been, his tail held high.

But Pancho was not much for looks, in a pedigreed sort of way. In fact, his blood lines had been horribly scrambled. But somewhere among his progenitors had been a Labrador Retriever, and this forefather (or possibly foremother) Pancho resembled as much as possible. In short, Pancho was a mutt, a hybrid, a mongrel, but showing the fading signs of an illustrious ancestry.

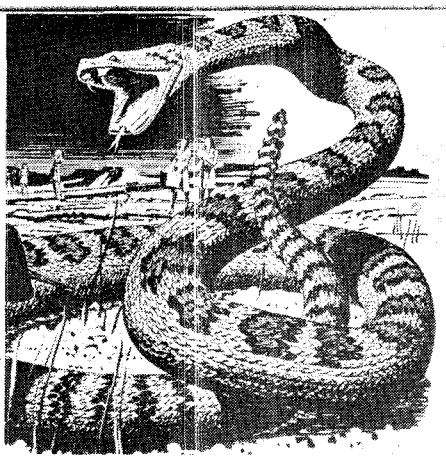
Pancho was one of a litter born to a bitch in one of the Spanish-American villages along the San Juan River in the early 1900s. As a pup he was taken in by the Gay family, then of the vicinity of Cedar Hill, New Mexico. He was taken in as a ranch dog—to spend the bulk of his days as he grew older as a "yard" or "stock" dog—but no one specifically set out to teach him or train him in, for example, the method of killing snakes.

In short, what Pancho lacked in eye appeal—and he wasn't a bad looking dog, either—he more than made up for in wisdom and intelligence. Intelligence of a very high order: plenty of horse sense, or I suppose you would have to say, "dog sense."

But speaking of horses, who else but Pancho would figure out all by his lonesome a unique way of driving them?

Now all ranch dogs sooner or later get around to driving stock, but with many of them it is a game. Some of them go to the wrong end and taunt and goad the stock, like Pancho did with the snakes, into following them—sort of a game of "follow the leader." And others go to the right end, learn to nip the stocks' heels, but when the stock kicks run back to safety. Still a game, you see.

But not Pancho. Stock-driving was a business with him, and he had it all figured out in a businesslike way. He would go to the right end—that is to say, the



When a rattlesnake threatened, Pancho grabbed it and killed it.

back end—nip the heels, but when the stock kicked back he wouldn't be there. Nor would he run back to safety. He would flatten himself on the ground under the flying hooves, and if the brute didn't do what Pancho wanted him to do, he'd repeat the procedure as many times as necessary. He nearly drove the cow-brutes and horses batty. They never could figure him or why they could never connect a well-placed kick on him. But it got so they would see Pancho coming and they would start moving the right way. Now. Right now.

Pancho was good with hogs, too. Like the time the hogs broke out of their pen and no one in the family knew anything about it. Pancho was on his way home from business of his own, when he came across the porkers rooting happily in the oak grove. Pancho knew very well that they had no business being there: that they ought to have been in their own pasture, with hog wire all around it, up by the corral. So, without guidance of any sort or kind, he started getting them back where they belonged. A few barks as he rounded them up and a few nips judiciously delivered got the porkers moving, protesting with squeals and grunts with every step. Running to first one flank, and then around the rear to the other flank, Pancho pointed them and kept them going in the right direction. The hogs didn't like it very much—they liked those acorns better—but what choice did they have? There wasn't a hog made, or bunch of them, for that matter, who was a match for the brainpower of Pancho. And hogs aren't "dumb," either.

When Pancho got the hogs up to their pasture gate, he faced a problem. The gate was still up. Nowhere did there appear to be a break in the fence. How to get the truants in where they belonged?

Pancho had the answer. He drove the porkers past their pasture and up to the corral near the house. The corral fence was of picket construction and was, therefore, hog tight. Pancho bunched the hogs against the corral fence and held them there while he barked and fussed until some one came out from the house. That some one sized up the situation, dropped the pasture gate, and Pancho drove the truants in where they belonged. Later, the break in the fence was fixed by the family, so that was that. Simple.

Now the Gay family were stockmen, both sheep and cattle. They ranged their stock in the vicinity of Aztec and Cedar Hills during the winters, and in the summers trailed their stock north into the high country above Durango. So it was back and forth at least twice a year, plus side trips to the home place, to the loading chutes, to salt the stock, for the family. And wherever the family went, there would go Pancho.

All of this travel was by horseback, of course. Except for Pancho. He was expected to walk. But Pancho couldn't see it that way. When there was need for his services along the long trail, bringing back a steer that had made a break for the tules, for example, or bunching the sheep, well and good: he could see expending energy. Otherwise, not.

And Pancho had an answer for this, too.

He'd come up alongside a rider on the trail and whine to draw attention. Then, he'd give a bound and mount the horse whether it was moving or not, to flop like a sack of grain across the pommel of the saddle. He'd ride like this until he was rested or until there was need for his services, when he'd jump down and go about his business. Simple, again.

When Pancho was better then thirteen years old, as nearly as the family could figure it, he apparently lost some of his good judgment. He was out in the hay field one summer day with the hay crew (looking for snakes to devil and kill, perhaps?) Suddenly he got mixed up—zigged when he should have zagged, maybe—with the cutter bar on the horse-drawn mower.

Before they could stop the team, the mower had done what many snakes had tried to do in the years past but no snake had ever succeeded in doing. Pancho lived through it, according to Don Gay, but his front legs were badly chewed up by the cutter bar, and he was never the same dog afterwards. In their pity and sorrow the family "retired" Pancho, put him out to pasture. Seeing the younger ranch dogs going about the ranch chores he knew so well, but which he used to be able to perform ever so much better than they, must have killed the fine old dog's spirit just a little.

Even so, he lived for nearly two years longer, crippled and helpless. He was buried by his family with great honor. And though gone for many years now, he is still remembered by his family and others as the dog who was almost—if not quite—human.

Pancho. ●

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SHOOT-OUT AT THE CALIFORNIA CAFE

(Continued from page 33)

oil boom town and it had just about everybody come in who thought they could make a fast buck. Underworld characters came from all parts of the country. The gutters in Kansas City were cleaned time and time again and the riffraff found its way here. The East contributed gamblers and crooks of all kinds. Knife fights in the cafe were frequent and almost nightly routine. Nothing that went on over there ever surprised me...

"One of the reasons the cafe was so noisy was that it was a hang-out for a really tough bunch of men, the taxi drivers who drove the service cars to the oil fields, east to the Madill field and west to Ragtown. Dow Braziel owned most of these cars and employed the drivers, so naturally they parked them out in front of the cafe while they were waiting for fares to show up. And while they did this they amused themselves by passing the time in drinking and card games out back in the "tin" building. With a bunch like this arguments and fights were just bound to happen and dull moments were few and far between.

"But that morning what happened shook up the whole town. A shoot-out between three peace officers was unusual, even for Ardmore. Just before the fireworks took place I had been out in front of the garage talking with a friend who had stopped to visit for a few minutes on his way to work. Suddenly both of us stopped talking to watch what was going on across the street.

"There seemed to be something peculiar about the two men who were approaching the California Cafe, something stealthy. It was odd how the smaller man kept walking back of the big one—walking in his shadow, you might say.

"It was impossible to mistake who they were. I knew them both well and there weren't many men in town as big as Les Sigler, the Chief of Police, who stood 6'6" tall and weighed nearly 300 lbs. He was as 'wide as a door' and provided ample concealment for the smaller man. This man, too, was unmistakable, for even in the dim light Bud Ballew, deputy under Sheriff Buck Garrett, could be easily identified by the flaming red hair that was his most distinguishing physical characteristic.

"They were proceeding quietly along the street and then, just as they reached the cafe, Bud Ballew stepped out from behind Les Sigler. Evidently Dow Braziel, who was exceedingly fast on the draw, saw him just as he stepped forward and raised his gun. It was hard to say who drew first, the shots seemed to be simultaneous. Everything was happening so fast. People running momentarily obscured my vision. Both men continued shooting for a few minutes and while they did everybody scattered in all directions, taking cover behind counters and tables. When the shooting stopped and Braziel was down on the floor, they came running back as fast as they had left. It was like an ant hill being stirred up."

Somebody had yelled to get a doctor and someone had run down the street to fetch Dr. Hardy. While they were waiting for him to come nobody seemed to want to do anything about Dow Braziel—maybe they were afraid to—so they just left him where he was. Probably no one could have done anything anyhow, for when the doctor did get there he was dead.

The news spread quickly. Excitement began to grow and presently such a big crowd collected that early morning traffic was stopped. It looked like everybody was trying to get into the little cafe at one time to get a good look at things. Those that couldn't get through the door were pushing and shoving. Those inside were being pressed against the walls. Everything was pandemonium. One of the waiters in the cafe, Marshall Alexander, said later he would never have believed the little room could hold so many people.

There was a lot said at the time about what started the fight between the three men. It is always hard to separate fact from fiction but the most popular story ran like this:

Dow Braziel was a U.S. Marshal, an office of considerable power and influence, as well as the owner of the California Cafe, and he was jealous of his authority and didn't want anybody usurping his prerogatives. It seems that a group—some said they were Masons who had a strong organization in Ardmore at the time—were good and mad because a notorious gambling hall out at Wilson, Oklahoma, had not been closed up. They were furious because Dow Braziel—in whose jurisdiction it evidently was—had been dragging his heels about doing this. They wanted immediate action.

What complicated matters and was possibly the reason Dow wasn't moving any faster was that one of his brothers was reputed to have an interest in the place. Old court records show that "R.H. Braziel was charged with bootlegging" on several occasions.

It was mighty difficult in those days to draw a sharp line of distinction between the white hats and the black hats. The law men of the day often did some odd things—like being generous with the liquor they picked up and confiscated when they did decide to crack down.

(My own first taste of whiskey came from a bottle which had been a gift from the sheriff to my father. This dignitary had picked up several cases in a raid and,

(Continued on page 60)

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SHOOT-OUT AT THE CALIFORNIA CAFE

(Continued from page 59)

finding it was better than usual, gave it away to his friends. Hearing my elders talk about all this I kept wondering what it tasted like. I watched my chance and one day when my parents were gone I sneaked in and poured myself a glassful. I liked it. It was a little like ginger ale, only better. I decided to have a little more. When my father and mother returned home they found their small daughter lying on the divan happily hiccoughing in joyous abandon—and I got a spanking I'll never forget!—The Author)

Anyway, the word was that the straitlaced and moral citizens, getting impatient with the "deliberate speed" of the peace officer, decided to form a vigilante committee, take the law into their own hands and go out and have a "do it themselves" closing-up party.

Of course the men who ran the gambling joint got wind of the boiling indignation of the righteous of our town, and their intentions, and when the "holier than thou" boys showed up the owners of the hot spot surprised them with an unfriendly gesture. They fired first. The good people hadn't counted on this!

When the smoke cleared away and the fracas was over the vigilantes discovered that one of their men had been killed. The "wind out of their sails," the lot of them began to lose their nerve. The square-toed boys were afraid they would be questioned if they brought the man back to town. They finally decided to take him out and hide him in a pasture where he was found the next day. The news about what had taken place was, in due time, (and with considerable embroidery), relayed to Dow Braziel. He was told at the time that Les Sigler was one of the vigilante group and upon hearing this it made him "as sore as hell" because he thought the Chief of Police was trying to run over him and arrogate his authority.

It was said that things between Dow Braziel and Les Sigler just weren't the same after that. And they evidently never did get any better.

Bud Ballew was a friend of Les Sigler's but he had his own reasons for disliking Braziel. And they seem to have been largely personal ones. The Braziels were a well-to-do, educated family. They were all fine looking people, very straight, very tall, and always stylishly and expensively dressed. The women were beautiful and took great care of their looks and were gowned to perfection in the modes of the day. Dow Braziel was like the rest of his family—meticulously dressed, wearing expensive clothes and handmade boots. And he "looked like a million dollars."

The Braziels were a proud family but well liked, and people looked up to them and respected them. They "just didn't like to be run over by anybody" as one man said, and "they weren't going to take it."

Bud Ballew, on the other hand, was what might be termed a "shaggy" man, rather small of stature, stockily built, a little on the heavy side and with a mop of unruly red hair. His clothes were clean and he was always neatly shaven but somehow he never quite managed to approach the suave perfection of Braziel's attire and usually looked slightly rumpled and unpressed, definitely not a dude!

Both wore the big diamond stickpins without which anybody who was anybody would have scarcely thought of appearing in public. A mark of distinction and affluence of those times, a man felt almost naked without one. It was part of his image. But even here, Dow's was just a little bigger, sparkled just a little bit brighter, than Bud's. And Dow, handsome, polished, well mannered, was very popular with the ladies.

Little differences kept building up between them. They were edgy around each other, especially Bud, who was afraid of Braziel. He knew that Braziel could whip him in a fight and was a far faster shot and so when, as it sometimes happened, Braziel would taunt Ballew, he dared not show his resentment, but took any humiliation heaped upon him, saying nothing. And quietly storing up his hatred.

After a time Ballew did finally begin to get fed up with "taking it" and began to crowd back a little, and this made things between them worse than ever. One day, it is said, Braziel called Ballew an unprintable name when, as so frequently happened, a quarrel broke out between them. And apparently this time Ballew had had enough.

The story has it that he and Sigler, each of them having their own reasons for wanting Braziel out of the way, had worked out the plan together to come to the cafe that fateful morning. They had planned what they were going to do down to the last detail. They had studied Braziel's habits and knew just where he would be at that hour of the morning. They had counted on the dimness of the early morning light to give them protection and keep them from being noticed until just before they reached the cafe.

But something—some noise, some feeling that he was in danger—had caused Braziel to look up and see them through the glass of the front window just as Ballew stepped out from behind Les Sigler and the shooting started. Neither Sigler nor Ballew was hit.

Their objective accomplished, their surprise attack successful, they didn't lose their nerve. They were both taken into custody after the shooting, released on bond, and eventually Ballew was brought to trial. He "beat the case."

It was almost a foregone conclusion that he would. Les Sigler swore that Braziel had pulled his gun first and that Ballew was shooting in self defense—in those days a split second either way made the difference as far as the law was concerned—and Ballew was acquitted. Maybe Sigler's testimony was true—it is hard to say because everything was happening so fast at the time that it was difficult to tell for sure just who shot first. But Braziel had a reputation for being faster on the draw than anybody else in Southern Oklahoma at the time, and lived up to it.

Dow Braziel also had a perverse sense of humor and had once accidentally shot his wife showing off how fast he was with a gun. An eyewitness, who was a schoolboy at the time just passing the Braziel home, afterward told it like this:

"I was going home from school and had to pass the Braziel house to get to where I lived. As I started to walk by Dow Braziel drove up to his house, jumped out of the car and in one quick motion pulled out his gun and shot into the ground—just to tease his wife who was out in the yard at the time. He said he just wanted to scare her. He scared her all right. The bullet either hit the sidewalk or a rock, ricocheted, and hit her in the leg, knocking her down. She failed to see the humor of it and didn't think the idea was a bit funny. In fact, she was crying mad. As for Braziel, it "almost scared him to death." It had been a rough joke but he had not meant to hit her... But that was the way he was. He could, and often did, draw a gun like "greased lightning"—sometimes just to show off but often for real. He had killed several men in his office as U.S. Marshal. No doubt they deserved it. Furthermore he had to have this ability or he wouldn't have lasted very long in the job."

But to get back to the shooting of Dow Braziel and what happened afterward... there were a lot of Braziels and they didn't take kindly to the shooting of their brother Dow. They definitely didn't have any mixed emotions about the matter. They knew exactly what they wanted to do. Ballew and Sigler had aroused the undying enmity of the family and they were going to do their best to even the score. And not waste much time about it, either.

John Braziel, Dow's older brother, had also been a law officer at one time in Ardmore, but he had gotten into a shooting scrape in which two men had been killed.

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A man by the name of "Dad" Sims and another named Cooke. A third man, Billingsley, had been seriously wounded but had recovered. History does not record what the trouble was about but John, when brought to trial, was not cleared, but sentenced instead to the penitentiary. Eventually he was paroled, but one of the conditions of the parole was that he should never return to Ardmore.

But he did come back after Dow was killed, thumbing his nose at the law and taking his chances. A man who was formerly the county jailer in Ardmore saw him on the street one day not long after the shoot-out in January: "One morning, just as my wife and I came around the corner of the old California restaurant I saw John sitting on a stool in front of the cafe. He was just sitting there, just outside the door, very cool, very quiet and he was wearing two shoulder scabbards. He had the air of a man who was biding his time.

"I told my wife 'It looks like it's going to happen', and we thought sure there would be a shoot-out if Ballew or Sigler came down the street. But they didn't. Undoubtedly someone had told them John was waiting for them and they laid low until John got tired of his vigil and decided to leave town, which he finally did. Everybody knew John was in town and why he was there but, although he was subject to arrest for breaking his parole, no one made any attempt to detain him..."

Eventually he left, but things didn't end there. The Braziels had long memories.

About a year later a very pretty woman, wearing a gorgeous red dress, appeared at a dance hall in Ardmore. Charming and always beautifully dressed, her favors were greatly sought after. Among the acquaintances she made was Les Sigler, who had an eye for a beautiful girl and wasn't slow about getting to know her.

The story was told, and it may well be true, that she was a friend of Bob Braziel, another brother of Dow's, and she had been coached by him to come to Ardmore and play a part in the drama which was shortly to unfold.

We don't know what pretext she used, maybe the lure of a fast deal—maybe herself—but she did talk Sigler into coming to Fort Worth. Once there she took him walking down a certain street where Bob was waiting, stationed inside the doorway of a hotel. As he stepped out Bob shouted at her, "Get away quick, he helped kill my brother ten months ago and I'm going to get him!"

And get him he did, right between the eyes.

But again there was the question of who shot first, for Sigler was quick with a gun also, and had drawn and got off a shot when he saw Bob Braziel step out. Nobody really knew for sure and apparently the only witness who could really say, the woman, had conveniently disappeared. Bob Braziel was brought to trial but was set free. On Thursday, September 23, 1920, the old *Ardmore Statesman*, printed by Roy Johnson at Ardmore, Oklahoma, carried the following account:

"Braziel Acquitted—Bob Braziel, who now lives in Fort Worth, and who shot and killed the former Chief of Police of this city, Les Sigler, last December, was placed on trial in Fort Worth the end of last week and given a verdict of acquittal. The jury was out for an hour and a half and then brought in its verdict. It will be remembered that Dow Braziel was killed in a gunfight between himself and Les Sigler and Bud Ballew something over a year ago. The fight took place in Braziel's restaurant on Main Street. Ballew was tried and acquitted and Sigler was under indictment at the time he was killed by Bob Braziel at Fort Worth last December."

One down and one to go; Dow Braziel was the 13th and last man that Ballew ever shot and for him that number thirteen was going to be mighty unlucky.

On the 12th day of May, 1922, *The Daily Oklahoman* carried a brief notice: "Bud Ballew, colorful, fast shooting undersheriff and aide to Buck Garrett of Carter County, shot too late at Wichita Falls."

Another account in *The Daily Ardmore* stated that "he was shot by a peace officer under rather mysterious circumstances."

No one seemed to know exactly what happened or who shot him.

Bud Ballew was in Wichita Falls that day in the spring of '22—just why is not known. He was shot in a tavern frequented by a rough element on the outskirts of the town, and when the shooting was over he was very, very dead. The stories told were varied and confused; it seems to have been a barroom brawl with a lot of people shooting, and a lot of them drunk, or at least acting like they were drunk.

No one ever claimed that Bob Braziel shot Bud Ballew. But there were two reputable businessmen from Ardmore in the town that day who said they saw Bob Braziel in Wichita Falls on the date Ballew was killed. One of them was a highly respected citizen whose word was considered good and the other was an equally highly respected half-Cherokee Indian farmer, a man who had given many pints of blood to the Red Cross during World War I, a man whose character was beyond reproach and whose word anyone would take.

These two men did not say that Bob Braziel shot Bud Ballew; they just said they saw him in Wichita Falls that day. Anyway, Dow Braziel, it seemed to most interested parties, was amply avenged. ●

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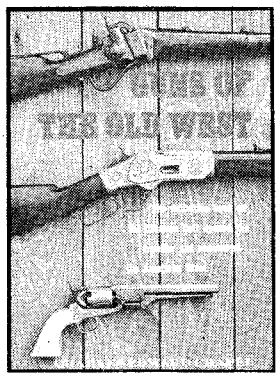

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NO PRISON COULD HOLD HIM

(Continued from page 39)

In St. Louis again, Grimes learned that the colonel commanding the prison was being married that evening. He attended the fashionable wedding and the next day wrote a congratulatory message to the colonel. It was published in the St. Louis *Globe* under a heading, "Insolent Nerve." The dash of the young soldier won cheers from St. Louis' Confederates and the grudging admiration of the pro-Unionists.

Before returning to his outfit in Missouri, Grimes collected a number of letters from St. Louisans whose relatives were in the State's Confederate forces. Coming upon the Federals at Cairo, he covered his rowboat with willow branches and floated past the post while suspicious soldiers took potshots at his frail craft. However, his luck changed, for downstream he came upon a Federal river boat and was captured by a company of marines.

He carried a notebook with personal information for his fellow soldiers about their friends and relatives in St. Louis—and refused to decipher his private code. He was ordered held as a spy.

The navy put him on a bread-and-water diet for several weeks. He finally worked a hole in the floor of his cell and escaped to a steamer manned by old friends.

He moved from one boat to another, and finally found himself on a craft loaded with cattle. Dressed as a roustabout, he drove the cattle off the boat through the hundreds of Federal soldiers milling about the Cairo levee. Again he had made good his escape. A few days later he slipped past the front lines and rejoined his old unit.

There followed a number of trips back and forth from St. Louis to the Missouri troops being shifted about the South. Each trip as a "mail carrier" was as harrowing as the first. And each journey increased the importance of the morale of soldiers cut off from all word of friends and relatives at home.

It was in St. Louis that Grimes teamed up with Robert Louden, another "mail carrier." Louden, a former volunteer fireman, had a sideline of burning every Federal steamboat possible. They would slip up to the side of a steamer in the dead of night, set fire to it and speed to safety down the river. The daring of this pair became known up and down the river and throughout the North and South.

At Indianapolis they attended a meeting of draft substitutes. Louden volunteered to serve as a substitute for a drafted man for $800. Grimes got $875. Next day, when they went to sign the papers, a squad of soldiers was waiting to escort the pair to camp with the rest of the substitutes. Their service in the Union Army lasted until midnight when they went A.W.O.L.

Dodging in and out of the Union lines and living in red hot Federal cities with a heavy price on his head was gruelling, but it had its compensations for Grimes. He put it this way, "If you could see the men and hear their shouts of joy when I bring them news from loved ones at home, and see the unbounded delight and cheer they maintained during the next 24 hours, everyone would want to enter the mail carrying business."

Grimes often took on extra chores along with his mail carrying "business." He guided escaping prisoners of war out of St. Louis, passing them through several hundred miles of enemy territory.

Frequently he collected sorely needed medicines in St. Louis, Alton, Centralia, and Indianapolis and carried them South. Grateful doctors, whose supplies were being choked off by the Federal blockade, were always glad to see Grimes.

As dangerous as his mail trips were, they were not as hazardous as those he made to see his sweetheart, Lucy Glascock, living near Hannibal. Federal police kept her house under close surveillance, but the young captain risked capture many times to visit her. His love for Lucy gave him great sympathy for St. Louis women separated from their husbands who were fighting in the South. He helped a number of them flee Missouri. On one occasion Federal authorities had already confiscated the family property of two women. Grimes appeared minutes before a detachment of soldiers arrived to arrest them. He spirited them out of town and reunited them with their husbands in Georgia.

Leaving his hotel in St. Louis on another trip with a particularly heavy load of mail and official documents, Grimes was caught as he stepped off the levee onto a steamer. Two detectives grabbed him and he tossed the mail bag into the river. He stuffed several documents into his mouth and swallowed them. But the contraband was recovered from the river and Grimes again was sent to Gratiot. There a court-martial found him guilty as a spy and he was ordered shot.

This time authorities took no chances with their prisoner and a 30-pound cannon ball was shackled to his ankles. Friends smuggled him a knife out of which he made a crude hacksaw. Women imprisoned there as Confederate sympathizers gave him thread and needles. Out of them he fashioned a Federal artillery officer's uniform, complete with sash and epaulets. Then Absolom C. Grimes effected another escape, much to the chagrin of Federal officials and the glee of the Confederates.

He resumed his mail carrying immediately. Stopping off at Columbus, Kentucky, Grimes learned Louden was under arrest. He was charged with burning the steamer *Ruth*, carrying a Union paymaster and several hundred thousand dollars in soldiers' pay.

The first thing Grimes did was to smuggle him a saw. The next night he fashioned a length of rope to two toy balloons. They floated to Louden's third floor cell window. In several hours the two noted mail carriers were back about their business.

The next trip out of St. Louis, Grimes volunteered to guide two more women to the South. They reached Memphis, then in Federal hands, but found the Union lines tightening. He walked about town seeking a plan of escape and saw an army ambulance. He "borrowed" it—and a Federal uniform. Grimes then picked up the two women and passed through the Union lines without trouble.

Back in St. Louis, his love for Lucy Glascock placed him in a desperate situation. He eluded the watchful Northern detectives there and made his way to Ralls County. He was there only a short time when several of them descended on the place where he was staying. Grimes barely escaped being killed.

The almost unbelievable exploits of this dashing young Captain went on and on, but the most outstanding was when he ran the blockade around besieged Vicksburg.

He rigged up a special boat and floated past the thousands of Union soldiers and the many gunboats to deliver more than 2000 letters to the defenders of the "Gibraltar of the South." He brought out an equal number of messages from the hunger-weakened Johnny Rebs.

Grimes' trips through the Union lines were becoming increasingly difficult as by then he was one of the most hunted Confederates of the war. General Price, who had already promoted him to major for his valor, personally ordered him to suspend operations. Grimes decided to make one more trip, so he could see Lucy.

He delivered his last mail, which by then numbered well over 10,000 individual messages, and again made his way to Ralls County. Lucy agreed to marry her heroic Captain Grimes (he used that river title in preference to major) and the happy couple, chaperoned by two women he volunteered to pass through Federal lines, departed for the South.

Rather than risk his bride-to-be at even a quiet wedding in "Yankee territory" at

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Cole Younger (right) and the James Gang were acquaintances of Grimes. The Confederate spy also threw in with Lieutenant William Quantrill. Throughout his Civil War exploits Grimes was a royal pain to Yankees.

Memphis, Grimes decided the marriage should take place in a nearby town outside Federal lines. However, on the eve of the wedding two Federal detectives accidentally captured him.

Taken to military headquarters, he satisfied officers with his assumed identity and turned to leave. Just then another detective walked in and recognized him as the notorious Absalom C. Grimes.

He eventually was returned to Gratiot Street Prison for his long-delayed execution. The old medical college by then was an excellent place to starve. All of his cellmates wrote that in Gratiot the prisoners were poorly fed, worse bedded and nearly suffocated by the impure air. There were as many as 1,700 men at one time in the lower quarters alone. That number could scarcely find standing room. Sleeping would be out of the question; of course they sickened, and many died.

Now that his bride-to-be was waiting for him, Grimes sought doubly hard to escape, even though he was shackled to a heavy cannon ball. In one attempt he unsuccessfully tried chloroform on his guards. Another attempt was made on Christmas night, when he cut a hole in the cell floor and *looked right down into the faces of four guards.*

The next morning Grimes and his companions were marched out in the bitter cold and handcuffed to a post in the yard until midnight. They received that treatment daily until New Year's Day, when civilian protests forced the military to stop the punishment.

On his next attempt, several men were killed and Grimes was wounded. It was then that officials decided his death sentence should be immediately carried out. Just before a board of officers arrived to examine him just before the execution, a friendly doctor slipped him a vial of drugs.

When the officers entered the ward, Grimes was violently ill. His convulsions so impressed them that they recommended the sentence be commuted to imprisonment for the duration of the war.

Finally, he was moved to the State Penitentiary at Jefferson City. His wounds began to heal and again he began to "plan." The warden learned of this and Grimes was tied to a post and given a severe lashing. A medical report stated there wasn't a single place on his back left untouched by lashes.

Broken in body but not in spirit, Grimes smuggled out word of the mistreatment. Shortly afterward a Union colonel appeared to conduct an investigation. He was so incensed at the brutality that a military trial, later called off, was ordered for the state officers.

Then the intrepid Grimes was offered a pardon if he would promise to refrain from aiding the Confederacy. The young captain-major indignantly refused the conditional pardon.

But again fortune began to smile upon Grimes, for a bit later there arrived at the prison an unconditional pardon for the "notorious Absalom C. Grimes." It was signed by no less a personage than President A. Lincoln! It seemed the Union Commander-in-Chief recognized courage, even among the opposition.

Grimes returned to St. Louis, where this story gets its happy ending. He was feted by his many friends, and Lucy, who had returned home, hurried there to join him. The interrupted wedding was completed.

By the time she nursed him back to health, the terrible war was over, and peace, of sorts, returned to the land. People tried to forget the war, but for a while they didn't forget Grimes.

Young Grimes returned to the river, and his exploits followed him from St. Louis and from port to port. Woman sighed over the risks he took for Lucy's love; and the men swelled with masculine pride at his courage and daring. But history sometimes has a short memory, for his fellow citizens little noted nor long remembered his glorious exploits. ●

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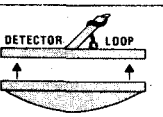

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INTERESTED IN: Western history, ghost, animal and mystery stories, animals.
WANTED: Anyone with similar interests.

MELODY NIELSEN (19)
State School for the Blind
Box 1865
Vancouver, Wash. 98663
INTERESTED IN: Swimming, stamps, geneology, camping.
WANTED: Anyone interested in above or travel, news reporting, art, soft rock music.

JERRY L. RUSSELL (40)
P.O. Box 7281
Forest Park Station
Little Rock, Ark. 72207
INTERESTED IN: Gunfighters, Little Big Horn, Civil War.
WANTED: Those with similar interests.

EUGENE POST (37)
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WANTED: Any penpals.

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DON MILLER (46)
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WANTED: Penpals.

GENE FORBES (40)
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INTERESTED IN: Anything western, sports, song writing, leathercraft.
WANTED: Anyone with same interests.

ROBERT SALMEN (12)
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INTERESTED IN: Horses, fishing, Indians, Elvis Presley.
WANTED: People my age with same interests.

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WANTED: Those with similar interests.

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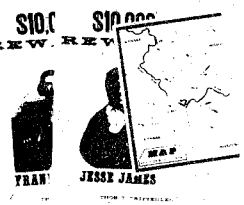

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OLD TIMER'S CORNER

(Continued from page 7)

send him the bill.

"Further," he added, "this is a very prominent man and a very good friend of Sheriff Cook"

Consequently, the sergeant called the sheriff and he drove over. The minute he walked in the door he said, "Bill, what in hades are you doing here?"

Well, I just ducked my head and the young reporter did my talking.

The sheriff told the sergeant, "If you have any charges against this man you better press them fast because the fur is liable to fly as something smells around here."

The sergeant said, "Sheriff, so help me I am in the dark."

We had a big dinner, then got in his car, and I to a royal ride my last 50 miles home to be met with open arms by the old man.

I said, "Boss, I'm sorry to be so much trouble."

He said, "I don't know if a fellow can dodge em all. The main thing is you're home and there's work to do."

Well, as time went on, he got the story out of me piece by piece till he finally knew the whole of it. One day as I was washing for supper on the back porch I heard a car drive in the front. Very soon thereafter the old man came on the back porch and said, "Come in here before you go to the bunkhouse."

I dutifully went to the living room and there stood his brother from Fort Collins. He turned to him and said, "Do you know this boy?"

His brother said, "No. Should I?"

Then he turned to me and said, "Is this the man who tried to send you to jail instead of sending you home?"

I said, "He is the one refused me work."

Then he said to his brother, "You always was a damn poor liar. Also a very poor man, which you have always demonstrated all your life and I have accepted up to this. Now stay as long as you wish to visit with mother and sis. I will return when you are gone for the looks and smell of you make me sick!"

Needless to say, he did not stay long and as far as I knew they never patched up their difference. For that was the breed of the old west. •

TREASURE TRAILS

(Continued from page 8)

price of $35 an ounce, and with wartime inflation and the post war situation with mines flooded and out-of-use, the machinery rusting, mining could never come back. As Printing Press Money increased, inflation zoomed, forcing controls on our economy. But gold steadily increased in value, world-wide.

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* * *

A TH'er writes of a "dream idea" he is working on. He is in the process of acquiring a large tract of land, ruined by strip mining and now abandoned to the elements. He has a method of draining the great ditches, 15 feet in depth and 30 feet across. In the bottom he is going to cave off from the edges the good sandy loam, making a good bottom for agricultural purposes, where he will plant garden produce suited to that climate. Water is no problem, since he can get good well water at a depth of 20 to 30 feet for irrigation purposes. Over the ditches he will stretch canopies of polyethelyne material or other material in fabrics suited to permitting sunlight in and holding the humidity at the proper point. Want to join him in the enterprise? Got an old strip mine nearby? He needs finance and people who understand truck gardening and irrigation. And who will work.

* * *

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Jan. 8, 1887, told of a new electric instrument that was setting the miners and others wild at Leadville, Colorado, in 1886. It was described as the invention of a prominent electrician of Boston, and is constructed upon the theory that the strong electric currents known to be induced by large mineral bodies can be utilized to locate the latter. The machine is a simple affair, consisting of electrodes which connect with batteries in a box containing an electric needle. The influence of the electric subterannean currents upon the needle is supposed to indicate the presence of an ore body. I wonder what they called it? The newspaper spoke of it as the "New Electric Indicator." Must have been the progenitor of the Metal Detector. •

SPECIAL NOTICE

Because of the interest expressed by our readers in contacting other readers of GOLDEN WEST and THE WEST, we are starting a Penpals column. If you'd like to hear from folks with similar interests, just clip out this form, fill it out, and send it to "Penpals", Stagecoach Publishing Co., Box 58, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571. Penpals will contact you directly since your address will be listed. If you want to contact any of the people requesting Penpals—do not send your letters to this magazine. We want to hear only from people requesting penpals. There'll be no charge for listing you.

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Address: _____

City: _____

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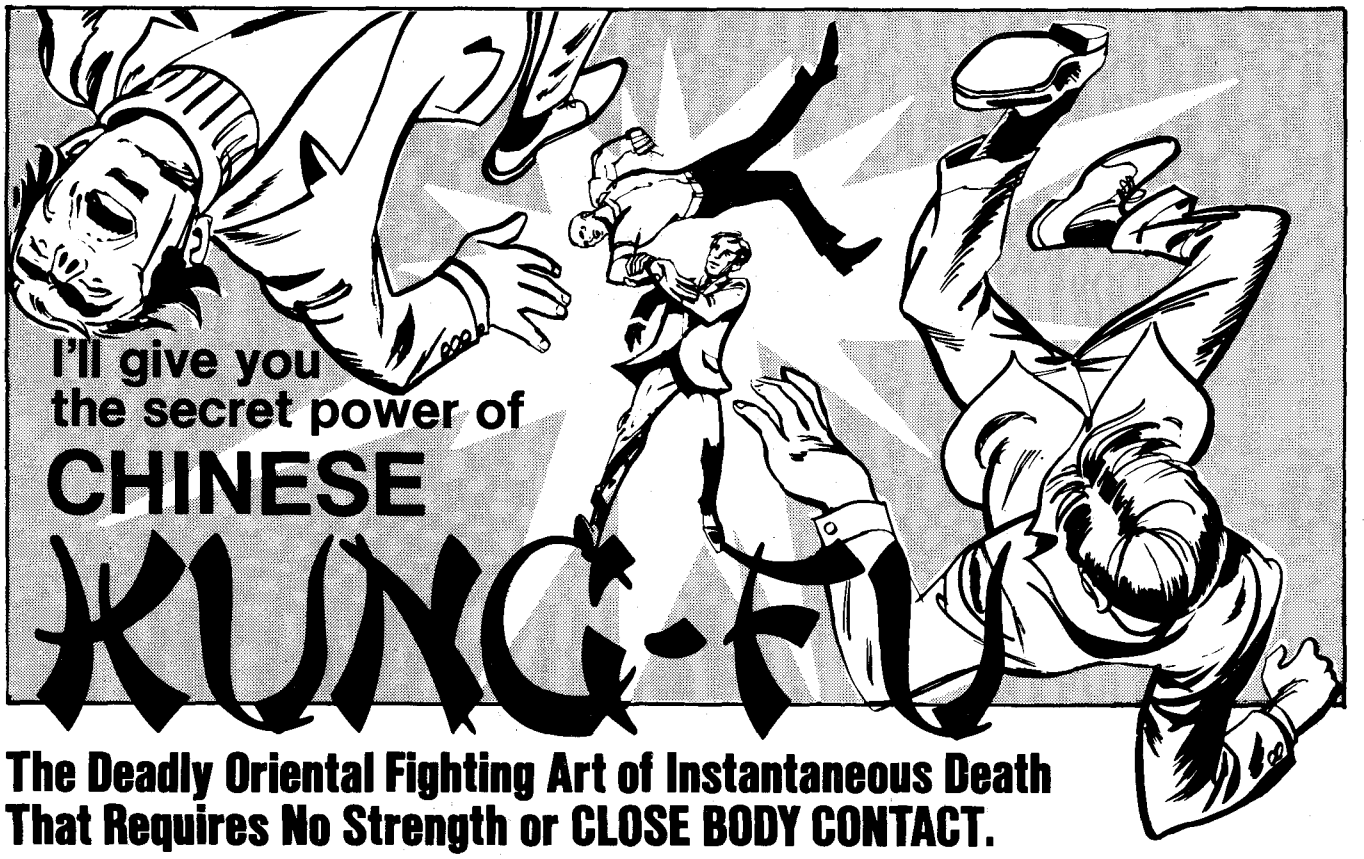

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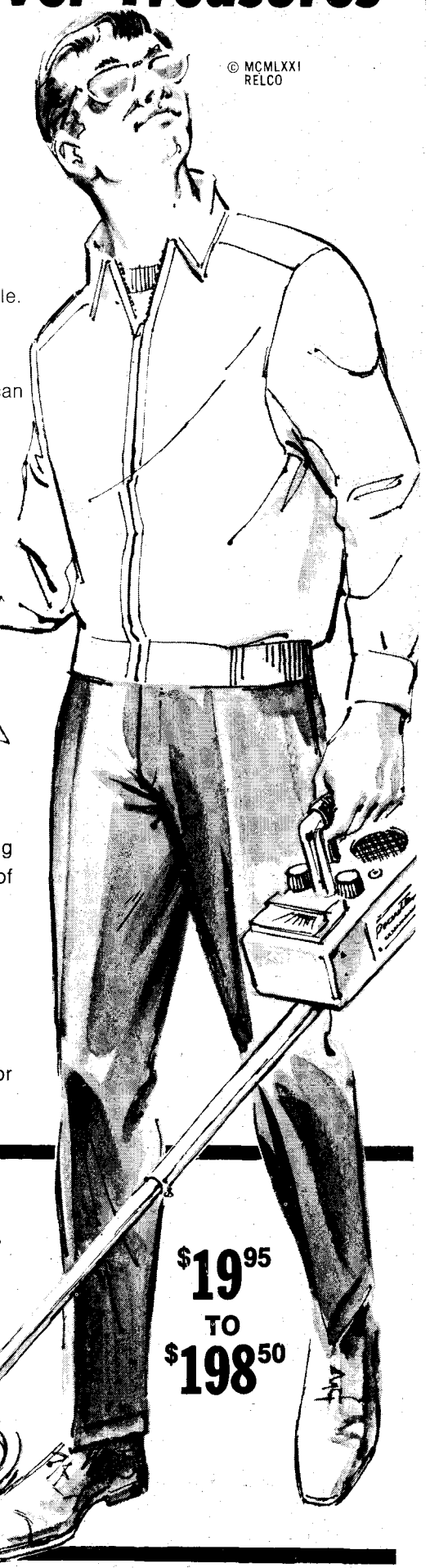

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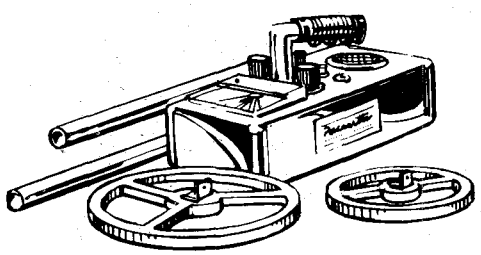

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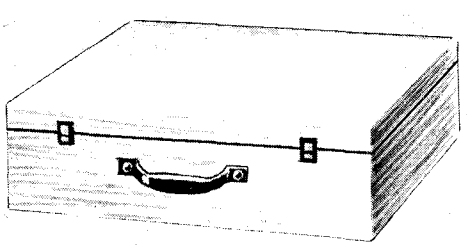

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